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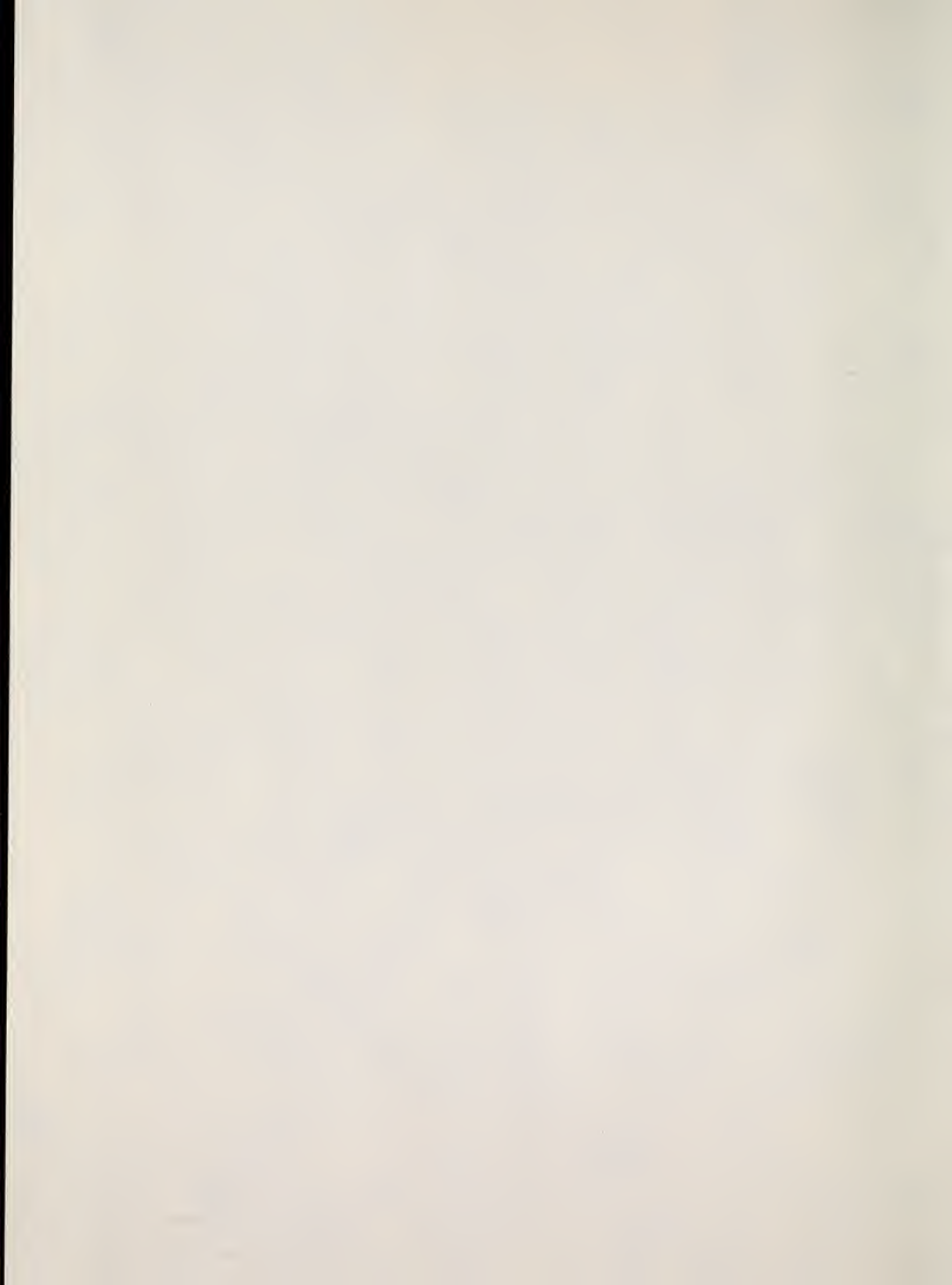
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ANNALS

OF THE

YUBA COUNTY SETTLERS

ASSOCIATION

OF THE

YUBA COUNTY

NUMBER I

Published by order of the Executive Committee.

1 (3)
ANNALS

NO. 1
OF

1 (2)
THE EARLY SETTLERS ASSOCIATION

OF

1 (1)
Cuyahoga County. Ohio

Annals

NUMBER I

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE EXECUTIVE COM.

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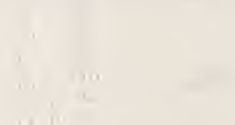
MOUNT & CARROLL, PRINTERS AND STATIONERS.

1880.

ALMA L. B.

1911-1912

THE LAW & LETTERS ASSOCIATION



Constitution of the Association

1911-1912

(1911-1912)

A REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATION

1911-1912

ALMA L. B.

1911-1912

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OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION, 1880.

HON. HARVEY RICE, PRESIDENT.

HON. JOHN W. ALLEN, }
HON. JESSE P. BISHOP, } VICE PRESIDENTS.

THOMAS JONES, JR., SECRETARY.

GEO. C. DODGE, ESQ., TREASURER.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

GEO. F. MARSHALL,

R. T. LYON, DARIUS ADAMS,

M. M. SPANGLER, JOHN H. SARGENT.

THE EARLY SETTLERS IN CONVENTION.

The convention met on the day appointed, May 20th, 1880 in the afternoon, at 1:30, at the Presbyterian Church, Euclid Avenue, and corner of Brownell street. The public were invited. The assemblage was large, and was mostly composed of persons not only venerable for age, but noteworthy for intelligence. The platform was occupied by President Rice, Vice President Allen, Rev. Thomas Corlett, and orators S. E. Adams and F. J. Dickman. The exercises took place in their order, as follows:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- 1.—*Voluntary on the Organ.*
- 2.—*Prayer by Rev. Thomas Corlett.*

O Lord, the giver of all good things, we render thee our unfailling thanks and praise for all thy mercies, and especially for thy good providence in conducting us thus far through the perils and dangers of the present life, and for raising our thoughts and hopes to a holier and happier life above. We desire this day to praise thy holy name for all the great things which thou hast done for us as a people and as a nation, for the

goodly heritage which thou hast given us, for the civil and religious privileges which we enjoy, and for the multiplied manifestations of thy favor and goodness towards us. Grant us grace to show forth our thankfulness to thee for these thy mercies, and to live in holy obedience to thy righteous laws. We implore thy blessing on our Chief Magistrate and all others in authority, that they may so discharge their several duties as most effectually to promote thy glory, the interests of true religion and virtue, and the peace and honor and welfare of the State and Nation; and to us who are assembled to revive the memories of the past, and to renew old acquaintance, grant thy special blessing and grace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

3.—*Song*--“*Auld Lang Syne.*” *Arion Quartette.*

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min’?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of o’ lang syne?

CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We’ll tak a cup o’ kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae ran about the braes,
And pu't the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roared,
Sin auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fier,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp.
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

CHO.—For auld, &c.

4.—*Inaugural Address, by Harvey Rice, President of the Association.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ASSOCIATION: The occasion which convenes us is one of unusual interest, especially as it is the first annual convention devoted to public exercises, which we, as an organized fraternity, have attempted to hold.

While we who are early settlers have been busy in our time, time has been busy with us, and has crowned the heads of most of us with the silvery frostwork of age. The crown is one of honor, which honorably connects us with that heroic phalanx of early pioneers who were active in subduing a wilderness and in transforming it into a civilized land of happy homes—the rich inheritance of the living present and the destined patrimony of the unborn future.

It is the leading object of this association, as expressed in its constitution, “to meet in convention annually, with a view of bringing its members into more intimate social relations, and collecting all such interesting facts, incidents, relics and personal reminiscences relative to the early history and settlement of Cuyahoga county as may be regarded of permanent value, and transferring the same to the ‘Western Reserve Historical Society’ for preservation.”

It is in this way, and only in this way, as it seems to us, that the lessons of pioneer life, with its joys and its sorrows,

its trials and its hardships, can be rescued from oblivion and inscribed, as they should be, on the heart tablet of every child in the land. These are the grand aims of the association. It will be readily inferred, therefore, that the association does not convene for the purpose of celebrating an annual "festival" in the ordinary sense of that word, but rather for the purpose of enjoining "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," with simplicity of preparation and with a desire to create and leave a record of its work as a bequest to posterity. This it proposes to do by appropriating its funds arising from membership fees to the publication of an annual pamphlet containing its proceedings, with notices of its deceased members, and distributing the pamphlet gratuitously to the members of the association, so that we shall have, in time, a valuable history of the original pioneers and early settlers of our city and county, to which we, and they who follow in our footsteps, can refer, and derive both profit and pleasure. In fact, every generation has its early settlers, in whose life experiences all succeeding generations become interested. Thus time consecrates character, and embalms it. Hence our Association has the elements of perpetuity, and will, we trust, perpetuate itself.

If we look back into the records of early times, we shall encounter the surprising fact that a little less than a century ago this beautiful region which we now occupy was a part of

that vast unexplored territory whose western boundary was supposed to be lost in the golden twilight of the setting sun, and whose wild domain seemed destined to remain forever hushed in the silence of its own solitude, save when awakened here and there by the dismal howl of the wolf, and still more dismal warwhoop of the savage.

From time immemorial, a powerful Indian tribe, known as the Eries, occupied the south-eastern shore of Lake Erie, from whom the lake derives its name. They were a warlike race, and as evidence of this, have bequeathed to our times a series of earth mounds, some of which are still visible at different points along the lake coast. The origin and object of these mounds furnish a mystic problem, which our modern antiquarians have not, as yet, satisfactorily solved. It is quite probable, however, that these mounds were designed to mark not only the battle fields, but the sepulchres of the brave Eries, who lived, flourished, and became extinct at a date which belongs to the pre-historic ages. After their extinction they were succeeded by fragments of various migrating tribes, who continued to occupy the ancient domain of the Eries, especially the Valley of the Cuyahoga, for a long period of years, and in fact became "monarchs of all they surveyed."

Yet this wild region had a much higher destiny—a destiny which its dusky occupants did not comprehend. Their prophets, however, frequently predicted that a superior race

would at no remote period invade their wild domains and appropriate them. In fact there were at that time, though unbeknown to the Indian prophets, great moral forces at work in the civilized world, which ultimately verified their prophetic utterances. Adventurers from the Old World soon began to colonize, at various points, the wilds of the New World. Our Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. A series of small colonies soon dotted the New England coast. Among these was the colony of New Haven, a colony that grew in strength and in greed, loved land and liberty, and resolved to have more of both. In order to effect this, she sent her favorite Governor, Winthrop, in 1662, to England, with a prepared charter such as she desired, to solicit from Charles II. a grant of additional land and liberty. Though Winthrop accepted the mission he felt doubtful of its success, for the reason that his constituents had sympathized with Cromwell, who had beheaded Charles I., the royal father of the reigning King, and especially as the latter had recently expressed his indignation by ordering the dead body of Cromwell to be disinterred, publicly hanged and buried at the foot of the gallows.

In view of this expression of contempt on the part of the King for the memory of Cromwell and his adherents, Winthrop, when admitted to an audience, became sadly embarrassed in hitting upon a favorable method of introducing the subject of his mission, but, as luck would have it, he be-

thought himself of the sparkling, massive finger-ring which he wore, and which had been bestowed by Charles I. on his father in recognition of valuable public services, and, disengaging the ring, related its history, and placed it in the hand of His Majesty, who, at sight of it, was moved even to tears, since it instantly recalled from the past many endeared memories of his royal sire. Availing himself of this golden opportunity, Winthrop delicately alluded to the subject of his mission, and in a reverential manner presented the prepared draft of a charter which he had brought with him, and requested His Majesty's seal and signature, which were readily accorded. The Colonial Governor then returned to New Haven, bearing the "glad tidings" of his success, and was received by his expectant constituents with wild enthusiasm.

The charter thus obtained granted to the New Haven Colony all the territory lying west of her limits and between the same parallels, from "sea to sea." Neither the King nor the colonists at that time had any definite knowledge of the extent of the grant. Soon after this Charles II. died and was succeeded by James II., who did not sympathize with the New Haven colonists or approve the extravagant grant which they had received from his royal predecessor. He therefore demanded a surrender of the charter and directed a military force to march on Hartford, where the Colonial Assembly were in session, to enforce the demand. The Assembly,

though surrounded by royal troops, instead of being intimidated, proceeded coolly to discuss the question of surrender, until nightfall overtook them, when candles were sent for; but before lights could be brought some sly colonial patriot seized the charter, which lay on the table, escaped with it through an open window, and hid the prize in the heart of a neighboring oak. When the lights appeared, the charter was nowhere to be found. The commander of the besieging troops appreciated the "logic of events" and retired with his troops in disgust, frankly acknowledging that he had been completely outgeneraled. In due time, however, the charter was reproduced. The old charter oak, while it stood, was revered as the "tree of liberty." The great and glorious principles of that charter still remain embodied in the Constitution of the plucky little State of Connecticut—a State that has produced more eminent men, in proportion to her population, perhaps, than any other State in the Union.

It was in the month of August, 1679, that the first ship that ever sailed on the waters of Lake Erie was seen in the distance approaching the coast of the Western Reserve. This ship was the "Griffin," commanded by La Salle, built by Frenchmen near Buffalo, and sent out to explore the lake regions and secure trade with the aborigines. The Indians of the Reserve beheld the vision with alarm, and believed it to be a white-winged messenger, half walking and half flying

on the water, sent by the Great Spirit to chastise them for their neglect of divine observances, and hence they fled, panic-stricken, into the forest and hid themselves in its dark recesses until the vision had passed out of sight. This effort to secure the native trade was soon followed by the establishment of French and English trading posts and military forts at different points along the great chain of our northwestern lakes. Then came missionary efforts to christianize the natives, followed by the introduction of a more refined race, whose object was to secure wealth and western homes.

Soon after the American Revolution the vast western territory granted by Charles II. to the colony of New Haven became the subject of contention between sundry claimants, which Congress adjusted by awarding to the State of Connecticut what is now known as the Western Reserve, because the tract was "reserved" in the adjustment as her share; but, as compared with her original claim, Connecticut thought it an insignificant patch of woodland, though it contained three and a half million of acres. She accepted it, however, as a choice between evils, and soon afterwards sold the entire tract to a land company composed of her own citizens.

This company in 1796 sent out, in charge of General Moses Cleaveland, a party of surveyors to survey this tract into townships and hundred-acre lots, preparatory to placing the land in market. The General with his survey party, accom-

panied with a few emigrants, some fifty souls in all, after reaching Buffalo, proceeded by way of the lake in open boats, and landed at Conneaut, on the Fourth of July, and at once resolved to celebrate the day. The party made hasty preparations, flung the "banner of freedom" to the breeze, and provided a sumptuous dinner, consisting of baked pork and beans, rye and corn bread, and other similar luxuries. The General extemporized an oration, and when the party had concluded the dinner, patriotic sentiments were offered, and responses given, crowned with the firing of guns and oft repeated drinks from cups brimming with a beverage dipped from the crystal bowl of Lake Erie, and infused, doubtless, with a liberal share of the "ardent" for the "stomach's sake." This was the first celebration of the Fourth of July that occurred in the Western Reserve.

The next day after the celebration the party proceeded to fell timber and erect a log store house, which they called "Stowe's Castle," in honor of Joshua Stowe, who was their commissary. This strange and uncouth structure attracted the attention of the Indians, who gazed at it with wonder and retired in silence. In a few days the chiefs sent a messenger, demanding to know what were the intentions of the white intruders. This demand resulted in an agreement for holding a council. On the appointed day the principal chief, Piqua, and his son, Cato, appeared with their attendant warriors,

painted and plumed, and seated themselves in a circle upon the ground in the shadow of "Stowe's Castle," and invited General Cleaveland to a seat in the center of the group. Cato made the opening speech, to which General Cleaveland replied in a manner so conciliatory and pleasing to the Indians that the chiefs presented him at once the "pipe of peace" with some silver trinkets of value. He accepted the gifts, and after smoking the "pipe of peace" with the Indian counselors, he returned the compliment by presenting the chiefs with a keg of whisky and a liberal quantity of glass beads for their squaws. This settled at once all objections on the part of the Indians to the further progress of the survey.

General Cleaveland was familiarly called "Moses" by the surveyors, because he led them into the wilderness, and was expected to lead them through it. He remained about two weeks at Conneaut, and then proceeded with a small detachment of surveyors on his way up the lake in an open boat, with a view to commence surveys at the confluence of the Cuyahoga river. On the voyage he discovered a river, not traced on his map, which he supposed to be the Cuyahoga. He entered its channel, and after much toil and delay discovered that it was a "Mistake of Moses," and retraced his steps so chagrined that he instantly named this unknown river the "Chagrin," a significant designation by which it has ever since been known.

After correcting this Mosaic mistake, he reached the veritable Cuyahoga river on the 22nd of July, and in attempting to land on its eastern bank near the foot of Union Lane, ran his boat aground. Here "Moses" found himself cradled, like his ancient namesake, among the bulrushes. He and his party, however, succeeded in extricating themselves without serious difficulty, ascended the steep bluff, and were greatly delighted in beholding a beautiful plain of woodland, stretching away to the south, east, and west of them as far as the eye could reach, and seeming like a shoreless sea of waving foliage. While standing on this angular nook of land, formed by the junction of the river with the lake, General Cleaveland predicted that here was the spot where a great commercial city would arise at no distant day, and give tone and character not only to western commerce, but to Western civilization. So impressed was he with this belief that he directed a survey of this angular nook of land into city lots, and while hesitating in the selection of an appropriate name for his predicted city, his associates in the survey came to his relief and named it "Cleaveland," in honor of their respected chief of staff. The General blushed, bowed, and accepted the compliment.

From her baptismal day the infant city of Cleveland grew in strength and in beauty, and with her growth grew the "region round about;" and yet the city, though now possessing a population of 170,000, is still in her infancy, or rather

girlhood, sitting enthroned like a queen on the emerald bank of Lake Erie, looking into the crystal wave, as into a mirror, and admiring her own charms, while she is still more admired by the dazzled eye of every stranger who comes within the charmed circle of her acquaintance.

5.—Song—"Hail Columbia." *Arion Quartette.*

Hail, Columbia, happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, heaven born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause;

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

CHORUS—Firm-united let us be,

Rallying 'round our Liberty,

As a band of brothers joined,

Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;

Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Let no rude foe with impious hand,

Let no rude foe with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail;
And every scheme of bondage fail.

CHO.—Firm-united, &c.

6.---Historical Address, By S. E. Adams, Esq.

An historical address can be little more than a brief recapitulation of human transactions and social events gleaned from historical records and unwritten tradition. Originality in such an address is hardly possible. For my present purpose I have therefore gathered a posy of other men's flowers, and little else than the thread that binds them is mine. An irresistible fascination attaches to the early history of every people. We long to penetrate that mysterious veil which the flight of ages has flung around the cradle of our race. How earnestly we scrutinize the oldest records which may possibly shed a ray of light upon the long-forgotten past. History furnishes but little aid or encouragement to the archæologist in the study of anthropology, and not until recent years could the archæologist trace the memorials of man further back than about the beginning of written history. But now he can confidently point us to mementoes of man in this and other lands which date so

far back in the long series of eventful years, and so infinitely beyond the first dim glimmerings of history and tradition, that they know nothing about them, nor do they even mention them—of a time far anterior to the formation and gradual approach of that vast body of ice which scooped and hollowed out the rocky basin in which rests our beautiful Lake Erie; of a time long before the wonderful grottoes and caves of Kentucky were formed by the slow percolation of acidulated water through the solid rock. To the archaeologist the massive structures of the Mound Builders, and the races who immediately preceded them, however venerable their antiquity, are but the work of yesterday. He has arranged the memorials of pre-historic man under three groups, and adopted a classification predicated upon differential features presented by pre-historic weapons, implements and personal ornaments, of stone bronze and iron. But a detailed statement of the evidence which geology and archaeology furnish of the great antiquity of man would take me beyond the limits I have prescribed for this address.

Assuming that what has transpired within the last quarter of the century just closed, to enhance the growth and commercial prosperity of our city, is familiar to all members of this association, I shall attempt nothing more than a partial and imperfect digest of earlier events in the history of Cleveland.

As far back as 1749, the mouth of the Cuyahoga was

favorably regarded by explorers and geographers as a point which would ultimately become vastly important in its relations to the commerce of the great West.

As early as 1765, Benjamin Franklin, with his usual sagacity, foresaw its availability and recommended its occupancy as a military post. Washington, while various projects for water communication between the great northern lakes and Chesapeake Bay were being considered, suggested the practicability of a route from Lake Erie by way of the Cuyahoga, Tuscarawas and Muskingum into the Ohio, as an outlet to the future inland commerce of the lakes. This route necessitated a portage near Akron of less than seven miles, whereby shipments were to be transferred from the lakes to the River Ohio; thence to ascend its upper tributaries into the mountains, from whence by another portage, would be reached the navigable rivers falling into the Atlantic. The commercial importance, of the mouth of the Cuyahoga was thus early perceived by distinguished men; nevertheless history gives no reliable information of its permanent occupancy for trade or commerce anterior to the year 1786; nor is there any evidence that any active measures were taken to carry forward this scheme for opening communication between the lakes and the Atlantic, and nothing more is heard of it until 1793-4, when the State of New York proposed to provide an outlet for lake commerce, by clearing out and improving the Oswego and

Mohawk Rivers, when the discussion of the route by the Cuyahoga, and Tuscarawas into the Ohio was revived. We are destitute of further historical facts concerning either of these projects, from the year 1794 until 1807—five years after Ohio was admitted into the Union as a State. In that year the Legislature passed an act authorizing a lottery for the purpose of raising \$12,000 for improving navigation between Lake Erie and the river Ohio. The Commissioners appointed by the act met and organized, published the scheme and sold a few tickets for five dollars each; but no drawing ever occurred, and finally, in after years, the money but without interest was graciously refunded to such of the ticket holders as had retained their tickets; and that was all. May it not be that the failure of this brilliant scheme culminated in the enactment by the Legislature of our earliest statutes against all lotteries and schemes of chance? These several plans of improvements having failed, the great Northern Lakes, whose shores now teem with millions of industrious and intelligent people, remained without water communication with the Atlantic Ocean and the outside world until the final completion of the Erie Canal in the year 1825. Within the memory of many present, how vast the change; how wonderful and almost magical the transition! Some of you doubtless remember the boding yell of the Indian, and the hoarse growl of wild animals as they reverberated along the lonely shore, or

broke the stillness of the midnight air, startling you from sweet dreams of far off friends, and instinctively causing you to grasp the ever-present weapon of defense. But you have lived to see this beautiful city, with its vast industries, its commercial and mercantile structures, its magnificent private residences, its public school houses, and splendid temples of worship rise and expand over a territory which was but a wilderness when you first beheld it. And you have remained that you might hear the musical monotone of the approaching steamer, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive succeed the gloomy silence of the woods, and the roar of the breakers. The frail skiff, once your only means of crossing the Cuyahoga, has given place to a bridge of monumental arches which will endure until that river shall cease to flow. And now, instead of waiting, as in earlier days, the uncertain and long delayed, though ever welcome arrival of some adventurous neighbor from the east, with news from friends and the old home, you may instantly communicate by telegraph.

Concerning the early occupation of the site on which our city stands, and the scene presented to General Moses Cleaveland and his associates on his arrival here on the morning of the 22d day of July, 1796, I cannot do better than to reproduce substantially the eloquent and graphic words of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Colonel Charles Whittlesey: "All the party must have felt unusually interested as they

approached the spot. As they coasted close along the shore, overhung by a dense green forest, mirrored in the waters over which they were passing, the mouth of the river disclosed itself, as a small opening between low banks of sand. The man who controls the party is seated in the stern, steering his own craft, which is gracefully headed into the stream. His complexion was so swarthy, his figure so square and stout, and his dress so rude, that the Indians supposed some of the blood of their race had crept into his veins. As they passed into the channel, and the broad river unfolded itself to their view, bordered by marshes, reeds and coarse grass, their anticipations must have been somewhat moderated. The flats on the west side and the densely wooded bluffs on the east presented anything but a cheerful prospect. It was necessary to proceed some distance along this shore before there was solid ground enough to effect a landing."

"As the Indians had from generation to generation kept open a trail along the margin of the lake, it is probable that Cleaveland's party, scanning with sharp eyes every object as they moved along the river, saw where the aboriginal highway descended the hill, along what is now Union Lane. Here they came to the bank, and scrambling out, trod for the first time the soil of the future city. While the boat was being unloaded Cleaveland had an opportunity to ascend the bluff and scan the surrounding scenery. This view must have revived

his enthusiasm more than the swamps along the river had depressed it. A young growth of oaks with low bushy tops covered the ground. Beneath them were thrifty bushes, rooted in a lean but dry and pleasant soil favorable to the object in view. A smooth and even field sloped gently toward the lake, whose blue waters could be seen extending to the horizon. His imagination doubtless indulged in a pardonable flight into the future, when a great commercial city should take the place of the stunted forest growth which the northern tempests had nearly destroyed. But whatever may have been his anticipations, the reality has outstripped them all. Such a combination of natural beauty, with natural advantages of business, is rarely witnessed." As he gazed with rapture upon the far-off lake and the tortuous river at his feet, well might he have imagined that the time was not extremely distant when all the natural facilities within range of his vision would be utilized by the inhabitants of an enterprising city to be built upon the ground where he stood, and which should perpetuate his name forever. Pardon me for suggesting that this association would do a noble and commendable act were it to inaugurate a project for the erection in Lake View Park of a monument crowned with a statue of General Cleveland, commemorative of his having founded our beautiful city. I cannot doubt that our citizens, ever proverbial for liberality, would aid us in the work. I would also most

respectfully suggest that hereafter our annual meeting be held on the 22d day of July—the anniversary of General Cleave land's arrival at the mouth of the Cuyahoga.

7.—Song—“*The Good Old Days.*” *Arion Quartette.*

Give me the good old days again,
When hearts were true and manners plain;
When boys were boys till fully grown,
And baby belles were never known;
When doctor's bills were light and few,
And lawyers had not much to do;
When honest toil was well repaid,
And theft had not become a trade.

Give me the good old days again,
When cider was not called champagne;
When round the fire, in wintry weather,
Dry jokes and nuts were cracked together;
When girls their lovers battled for,
With seeds from juicy apple's core;
While mam and dad looked on with glee,
Well pleased their merriment to see.

Give me the good old days again,
When only healthy meat was slain;
When flour was pure, and milk was sweet,

And sausages were fit to eat;
When children early went to bed,
And ate no sugar on their bread,
When lard was not turned into butter,
And tradesmen only truth could utter.

Give us the good old days again,
When women were not proud and vain;
When fashion did not sense outrun,
And tailors had no need to dun;
When wealthy parents were not fools,
And common sense was taught in schools;
When hearts were warm, and friends were true,
And Satan had not much to do!

8.—*Life and Character of deceased Pioneers, by
F. J. Dickman, Esq.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

It was announced a short time ago through our local press that there would be addresses on this occasion by several of our oldest citizens. While I do not claim to have come down to you from a former generation, I am old enough to cherish the memory of our early settlers, and am, perhaps, coeval with many who have seen and talked with some of the pioneers of our county. Some of them died full of years, and we can almost catch the tones of their voice as

they recounted the trials and the raptures of their struggles with the rude forces of nature. To some of them the veil was uplifted before their eyes were closed in death, and they could behold, in a not far distant future, on the banks of our lake, a beautiful and flourishing city, the pride of our Western civilization, teeming with population, adorned with temples of religious worship, endowed with a noble system of schools, alive with the activities of a large and growing commerce, and of manufactures to which all the strong and manly arts pay tribute.

It is not our office, in the light of historic truth, to exalt to the statue of heroes all who carried the compass and chain, or plied the settler's ax in the forests of New Connecticut. But, during the first sixteen or seventeen years following the 22d of July, 1796, when the surveying party entered the mouth of the Cuyahoga from the lake, there came to the Western Reserve, and settled within the present limits of our county, a class of men whose characteristics we may well admire and commemorate. They did not leave their homes because they were there the victims of intolerance, and could not there follow the dictates of a tender and enlightened conscience. They came here to improve their material condition—to better their worldly fortunes. Like the rest of us, they had an eye to the main chance in life; but they richly earned and paid a hundred fold for all they received.

The land, the river and the lake acknowledged their authority, and surrendered to them their treasures only after the greatest patience, perseverance and hardship. He who makes the blade of grass to spring up where it would not grow before, becomes a benefactor of the race. While the earth yields her increase, the city and the town spring up, and with the accumulation of capital come the comforts and luxuries of life, and many of those appliances and institutions which minister to the general happiness and prosperity. And so it is, as we see the city arise where once was the primeval forest, our thoughts revert to the pioneers, who fell the trees; and till the soil, and seeking to exchange the products of their industry, start into being the village and the town, as the natural outgrowth of their own necessities. The backwoodsmen thus become the founders of our civilization, and, filled with the pride of ancestry, their names and achievements become our most cherished traditions.

It was not until the year 1800 that the right of jurisdiction over the Reserve was relinquished to the Union by the State of Connecticut. Prior to such relinquishment, there had been no civil government existing or likely to exist in the district. It required, therefore, no ordinary resolution to give up the advantages of State and Federal protection, and incur the risk of unrestrained lawlessness in a wild Western settlement. But we have no record of violated rights of person or of property

among the settlers. The same instinctive reverence for law, the same self reliance, patient endurance, industry and thrift, which made him a good citizen at home, characterized the settler when he became a sovereign and law unto himself in the wilderness of the Western Reserve. He was, however, only a type of those who followed his trail, to live under a State organization, and help build up the thriving and well ordered communities on the shores of the lake. As we look around us, and behold on all sides the evidences of unexampled progress, we see but the embodiment of the same ideas, habits and principles which governed the daily life of those for whose labors and virtues we would to-day express our gratitude and admiration.

In contemplating the life and character of our early settlers, their principles and motives of action, it will occur to you that the firmest guaranty of private honor and good faith in all our business transactions may be traced to the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the pioneers of the Northwest territory, and to the wisdom, sagacity and justice of its New England author, Nathan Dane of Massachusetts. In the multiform engagements of business you feel that you will be secure against any and all legislative action by which the obligation of your private contracts might be impaired. This safeguard peculiar to our American Constitutional law found its way into our Federal Constitution from the clause in that memor-

able ordinance which provided that no law ought ever to be made or have force in the Northwest territory that would in any manner, whatever, interfere with or affect private contracts or engagements. It would be difficult to measure the vast influence which has been exercised on the security of property by the operation of this wise and effective provision. Its incorporation with our organic law is a monument to the wisdom, honesty and probity of New England. It gives us assurance that in the midst of party strife, and with the most hostile faction in the ascendant, a stern regard to private rights will characterize our State legislation. I have especially referred to this provision in that famous ordinance as illustrating the noble ideas and principles which lay at the foundation of the government of our Northwest territory, and which emanated among the progenitors of those whose memory we celebrate to-day.

One of the tests of the character of a people lies in the extent to which they utilize the gifts of nature around them. At an early day there were among the settlers of our county men of large forecast and comprehensive views of internal improvement, who clearly discerned the commercial importance of the mouth of the Cuyahoga. The great natural routes known to the early geographers and statesmen did not escape their penetrating glance. A scheme was formed for improving the navigation between the lake and the river Ohio through

the Cuyahoga and the Muskingum. The project failed, but it was the foreshadowing of a grander enterprise which will always be connected with the enterprise and sagacity of a master mind that illustrated the early history of Cleveland. It was the concurrent testimony of skillful engineers that, in connecting the lake with the river Ohio, the navigation of the beds of small rivers was inferior to the canal as a mode of commercial intercourse. The great public work, therefore, which now traverses our State and opens a direct water communication with the Gulf of Mexico, could not long be delayed. The canal has succumbed to the railroad, and is no longer perhaps the necessity it once was; but, as a potent agent for the development of the resources of our State, it will ever be regarded as one of the noblest achievements, and its originators and builders will have a lasting claim upon the gratitude of our people. When the Erie Canal was completed and the inland seas of the West were conducted in proud triumph, to the bosom of the Atlantic, it was proclaimed that the name of DeWitt Clinton would be transmitted to succeeding generations and cherished as a possession forever. Let us not then, on this occasion, forget the name of Alfred Kelley. In the prime of his manhood he cast his lot with the people of our city, and was in the forefront of every enterprise for the public good. During the construction and until the completion of the Ohio canal, he was the acting commissioner

and resided in our midst. He was a man of capacious mind, of unconquerable will, of untiring energy, and of unfailing power of endurance. He seemed eminently fitted for the Herculean task which he undertook; and in the selection of him for the arduous work, it proved in the end that fortune had smiled upon the State. In the city of Columbus, to which he removed from Cleveland, he exerted his great powers in other fields of public labor; and, as State Fund Commissioner, saved our State from the dishonor of repudiation; and as a profound master of finance originated a banking system which remained in successful operation for twenty years. In alluding to his life and labors, we would not be unmindful of the signal merits of others who were engaged with him, and wrought faithfully and at the same time, and in the same public service; but his name belongs to the history of Cuyahoga county, and we would recall the lineaments of his character as we would revive in memory the cherished images of those who once belonged to our own household.

The men who brought their household goods to the Western Reserve eighty years ago found an environment far different from what they would find to-day in one of our newly-organized territories. Railroads are now penetrating the continent to the farthest settlement. Labor saving machinery and almost every article of comfort may be placed now, on the shortest notice, at the door of the settler's cabin. The products of his

labor now find a profitable market, and he is not unfamiliar with the sight of money. The savage, too, once so formidable, will soon cease to be an object of terror to him. So far as physical causes can operate, his character can be subjected in only a comparatively slight degree to novel influences. But our own pioneers were subject to other conditions, and to many transforming agencies. Taking no account of ancestral traits or natural tendencies, they could not, from the necessities of their situation, fail to wax independent in spirit, fearless in danger, tenacious in their opinions, persistent in their undertakings, and thrifty in their habits. If they had not been affected by their surroundings, they would have been an exception to the general law which governs the rest of mankind. It is well said by Buckle that physical agents powerfully influence the human race; that they have originated the most important consequences in regard to the general organization of society, and from them there have followed many of those large and conspicuous differences between nations which are often ascribed to some fundamental difference in the various races into which mankind is divided. In studying the character, then, of our early settlers it becomes of interest to know the manner in which they lived, what their occupations were, to what perils they were exposed, what was the drift of their thoughts, what, if any, opportunities they had for education, what were their pastimes and social enjoyments, what, in fine,

was the difference between their new condition and that which they had left behind them. Our pioneer records thus become attractive and fraught with instruction, and are no longer musty and repulsive chronicles, and you gather up the leaves that would otherwise perhaps be scattered. You learn of the dreadful sufferings of James Kingsbury and his family, during the first winter after their arrival at Conneaut. Major Lorenzo Carter is the mighty hunter, and the terror of the bear. He it was who dwelt in the log house, on the slope from Superior street to the harbor. The sight of weakness and oppression can draw "iron tears" down his cheek, and the fugitive from slavery, on his way to the land of promise beyond the lake, feels his helping hand. His maxim was, not to give an insult, but when he received one, the giver usually bowed beneath his sturdy stroke. His influence with the Indian was unbounded, for he was known always to do justice to him. Judge Huntington, on his way from Painesville on horseback, while floundering after dark through a swamp at what is now the corner of Wilson avenue and Euclid street, is attacked by a gang of hungry wolves and barely escapes. For two or three months the only way in which the Doane family were supplied with food was for young Seth Doane, who had two attacks of fever and ague daily, to walk to Kingsbury's, five miles distant, with a peck of corn. grind it in a hand mill and bring it home upon his

shoulders. In the morning after his first attack of ague was over, he would start on his journey, and having obtained his meal, he would wait until the second attack on that day was over and then set out on his return. In the year 1802 the Rev. Joseph Badger, a soldier of the revolution, writes that he had preached on the Sabbath in Newburg, that there were five families there but no apparent piety, and that they all seemed to glory in their infidelity. These few brands, however, we are assured, were afterwards snatched from the burning. During the same year the first village school was held in Major Carter's house, and Anna Spafford was the teacher. Economy in those days was counted among the Christian virtues. Three Western Reserve boys left home for Connecticut to get their education, with fifteen dollars among them, and reached New Haven with twelve still in their pockets. One frugal young man, wishing to visit the ancestral home in New England, bought him a cow, and trudging at her heels with his book, lived on her milk and what he got in exchange for it, and sold her at an advance when he reached his point of destination. In 1809, Stanley Griswold informs his friend in Vermont that Cleveland would be an excellent place for an enterprising and skillful young physician; that the country around bid fair to increase rapidly in population; that a young physician, well qualified, would be certain to succeed; but, for a short time, if without means, he must keep school in

winter, till a piece of ground, bring a few goods for sale, or do something else in connection with his practice. The next year the physician came, and the attorney also entered his appearance. The fur trade grows into a lucrative branch of business, and Nathan Perry, filled with the mercantile spirit, masters the Indian dialect and lays the foundation of an ample fortune. The river holds out its inducements for honest gain, and Noble H. Merwin, crossing the mountains, becomes the founder of our city's commerce, and builds the good schooner "Minerva"—the first vessel registered at Washington from the district of Cuyahoga. But let me not detain you any longer with these fragmentary incidents and details of our early history.

I would that at this gathering I could point in fitting terms to the lessons which the pioneers of the Western Reserve and their descendants have read to the world within the past seventy years. In all the stirring events of peace and of war, that have risen to National importance, they have borne a conspicuous part. With but little outward enthusiasm, the current of their feelings and convictions has run deep and strong, and their latent ardor of soul has known no diminution. They have occasionally been called impracticable, and have been slow to compensate, reconcile and balance; but it is because they have regarded it a low and groveling policy to prefer expediency to right, and have feared the maxim that

in public affairs we should "join compliance with reason and sacrifice to the graces." Whenever any great measure has appealed to the moral sense, even though in feeble terms, it has been easy to determine where they would take their stand. Though they may at times have seemed to be a peculiar people, they have always been zealous of good works. Such an element in the mass of our national interests is not incapable of imparting a healthy tone to public sentiment and of extending its salutary influence to the farthest extremities. With such depth of conviction and earnestness of purpose in the line of duty, those who have gone forth from our Western Reserve to try their fortunes in other regions, have carried the talisman of success, and have reflected the lustre of their triumphs upon the place of their origin. They are found in the halls of legislation; among the officers of the army and the navy; among the ornaments of the bench and the leaders of the bar; among eminent divines; among the votaries of science; in the walks of literature; and, wherever there is an appreciation of intellectual and moral worth and of the highest traits of manly character, there you will find them in the foremost ranks of their fellow men. And as often as the day shall come around for the annual convention of this Association, a proof of your own elevated standard of excellence will be afforded in the high estimate which you shall place upon their many ennobling characteristics.

9.—*Hymn written for the occasion by Harvey Rice.*

(Tune: *Old Hundred.*) *Arion Quartette and Audience.*

Still pilgrims in a favored land,

Who long have lingered on the way,

How blest to meet and grasp the hand,

And crown with joy our festive day!—

And tell of years whose scenes return.

Like shadows on our pathway cast;

And catch from living lips that burn

The fleeting memories of the past.

And while we trace from whence we sprung,

And early friendships fain renew,

Still let us dream that we are young,

And, though a dream, believe it true!

Nor days forget when first we heard

Life's battle-cry, and sought the field;

When lofty aims our bosoms stirred,

And faith had armed us with her shield.

'Twas courage, then, with youthful zeal,

That led us onward, flushed with pride;

'Tis years, now ripe, that make us feel

How swiftly glides life's ebbing tide!

Yet while we here prolong our stay,
We'll keep our pledge of love and truth;
And when we pass the darkened way,
Ascend and share immortal youth!

*10.—Announcement of Members who have died within
the past year. By Rev. Thomas Corlett.*

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Within the past year the following members of our association have died: First, our very estimable Vice President, the Hon. Sherlock J. Andrews. Judge Andrews was born in Waterbury, New Haven county, Conn., November 17, 1801, and moved to Cleveland in 1825. He died at his residence in this city on the 11th of February, 1880, full of years and honors, and with but little abatement of the natural force of his vigorous character.

The next member who has died is Judge Seth A. Abbey. He was born in Watertown, New York, in 1798, came to Cleveland in 1830, and moved his family in 1831. He, too, died in this city March 15, in a good old age, respected and honored of all who knew him.

The third member of the Association who has died during the past year—and you will understand this society is only about six months old as yet—was Mrs. Elizabeth Spangler, who was born in the State of Maryland, 1790. She moved to

Stark county, in this State, in 1802, and was married to Michael Spangler in 1807. In 1810 she recrossed the Allegheny Mountains to her native State on horseback. She moved to Cleveland in 1820 with a family of five children, four of whom are still alive. Her husband kept the hotel known as the Commercial House on Superior street, where the Miller's block now stands. She was of German parentage, and her's was the first family speaking the German language in the city of Cleveland. She drew a pension to the time of her death for services rendered by her husband to his country during the war of 1812. Her husband died August 29, 1836, at the age of fifty-two. She died in this city March 5, 1880, in the ninety-first year of her age.

Thus, within the brief period of the existence of this association, about a half year, three of our most venerable and esteemed ones have passed from this stage of action, where they have performed their work well, to that better one, we trust, where they shall realize the full fruition of their labor, and of their hopes and efforts.

11.—Call for volunteer speeches.

The President said: "The next exercise in order is a call for volunteer speeches. I notice there are quite a number of gentlemen here from whom we would all feel greatly interested in hearing a few remarks. We shall have for the want of

time, however, to ask them to limit themselves to from five to ten minutes, that we may hear as many as we can. I would here remark the fact that in this association we regard women as possessed of their equal rights; and if there are any of the ladies of our association who would be willing to make some remarks or addresses, we shall be happy to hear them, and they will be at liberty to speak as long as they please, for we know they always are interesting. [Applause.] I will call upon Hon. R. P. Spalding to open the way, and I trust, he will favor us with a few remarks."

Judge Spalding arose in his seat and spoke as follows:

"MR. PRESIDENT:

Although I have not the honor to be enrolled among the members of this association, the term of my actual residence in the city, falling short of that prescribed by the constitution, very few can boast of a more familiar acquaintance with Cleveland and its early history, than myself.

General Moses Cleaveland lived in the town of Canterbury, in Windham County, Connecticut. His mansion house was but a quarter of a mile distant from that of my maternal grand father, David Paine, who lived in the same town. The two families were nearly related and lived on terms of the closest intimacy.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is the following anecdote, told me by my mother:

She said that late, in the autumn of the year 1796, General Cleaveland spent an evening at her father's house, and in the course of conversation said to her mother:

"Mrs. Paine:—While I was in New Connecticut, I laid out
"a town, on the bank of Lake Erie, which was called by my
"name, and I believe, the child is now born that may live to
"see that place as large as 'old Windham.'"

Old Windham was then the seat of Justice of Windham County and its population, I think, never exceeded fifteen hundred. I was born about eighteen months after the General uttered this prediction, and may be supposed to know something of the comparative growth of "Old Windham" and the "new town on the bank of Lake Erie," as I studied my profession in the former place and have practiced it for nearly thirty years in the latter, which is now said to contain a population of 170,000.

"The town was called by my name," said the General, and so it was, C-l-e-a-v-e-l-a-n-d; and that was the way in which the name was spelled, written and printed, until an "act of piracy" was committed on the word by the publisher of a newspaper, something over forty years ago, who, in procuring a new "head-piece" for his paper, found it convenient to increase the capacity of his iron frame by reducing the number of letters in the name of the city: Hence the CLEVE-

LAND ADVERTISER, and not "Moses Cleaveland," settled the Orthography of the Forest City's name for all time to come.

At a term of the Supreme Court, held in Trumbull County in October 1821, I was admitted to the practice of the law. The examination, I well recollect, was held in a large hall in Town's Hotel. The two justices of the court, Calvin Pease and John McLean, and all the lawyers, including with others whose names are not recollected, Elisha Whittlesey, Thos. D. Webb, Homer Hine, Jonathan Sloane, James D. Wheeler, Ralph Granger and Joshua R. Giddings, were present. The side-board, at one end of the room was according to the custom of that day, plentifully supplied for the benefit of those who might choose to partake, after the examination should be closed.

In the course of the questioning I was asked by Mr. Granger, who was not very much of a "total abstinence" man, ——"What is proof?"

"Tell him," said Chief Justice Pease, who sat a short distance from me, and who could not always control his fondness for witticism, "tell him it is that which "bears a bead."—

In the month of March, 1823, I first saw Cleveland. I came from Warren, in Trumbull County, where I then lived, in the company of Hon. George Tod, who was then President Judge of the 3d Judicial Circuit, which embraced, if I mistake not, the whole Western Reserve. We made the journey on

horse-back, and were nearly two days in accomplishing it. I recollect the judge, instead of an overcoat, wore an Indian blanket drawn over his head by means of a hole cut in the center. We came to attend court, and put up at the house of Mr. Merwin, where we met quite a number of lawyers from adjacent counties. At this time the village of Warren, where I lived, was considered as altogether ahead of Cleveland in importance; indeed, there was very little of Cleveland at that day, east and south east of the Public Square, or, as it is now called, Monumental Park. The population was estimated at FOUR HUNDRED souls. The earliest burying-ground was at the present intersection of Prospect and Ontario streets, the north-east corner covered by the Herrick Block. Some years afterwards, in riding away from Cleveland, in the stage coach. I passed the Erie Street Cemetery, just then laid out. I recollect it excited my surprise that a site for a burying ground should be selected so far out of town.

The court that I attended on my first visit, was held in the old court house that stood on the north-west quarter of the Public Square, nearly opposite the Wick Block.

The presiding judge was the Hon. George Tod, a well read lawyer and a most courteous gentleman, the father of our late patriotic governor, David Tod. His kindness of heart was proverbial, and sometimes the lawyers would presume upon it.

I recollect being present at his court in Portage County;

on one occasion, when he was subjected to some little embarrassment by the wit of his friend John W. Willey, of Cleveland. Mr. Willey was charged with the defence of a person who stood indicted for some petty misdemeanor, and though a very astute lawyer, he found it difficult to clear his client without a single witness in his favor. There had been, the night before the case was called, a fire in Ravenna, and a small house had been burned to the ground, which excited much commotion in the village.

When the case was reached for trial, on the call of the docket, Mr. Willey rose, and with great gravity asked the court to continue that cause until the next term.

"For what reason, Mr. Willey?" said the benignant judge.

"May it please your Honor," said our facetious friend, "one of our principal witnesses was burned up in that fire last night, and we want time to supply the loss."

"Judge Tod was almost convulsed in endeavoring to restrain his laughter, but finally was enabled to say, "your motion must be granted, Mr. Willey. The cause stands continued."

The Associate Judges of the Common Pleas were, at the time of which I speak, Hon. Thos. Card and Hon. Samuel Williamson. Horace Perry was clerk, and Jas. S. Clarke, sheriff. The lawyers attending court were Alfred Kelley, then acting Prosecuting Attorney for the county, Leonard

Case, Sam'l Cowles, Reuben Wood and John W. Willey, of Cleveland, Saml. W. Phelps and Sam'l Wheeler of Geauga, Jonathan Sloane of Portage, Elisha Whittlesey, Thos. W. Webb and R. P. Spalding of Trumbull County. John Blair was Foreman of the Grand Jury.

No one of them all, except myself, is alive to-day. I very much doubt if a solitary individual who attended that court in 1823, whether judge, juror, attorney or witness, is left to greet you here to-day, other than myself.

And so with almost the whole of my Companions at the commencement of life's journey: They are gone.

"I feel like one

"Who treads alone

"Some banquet-hall deserted,

"Whose lights are fled.

"Whose garlands dead,

"And all but he departed."

(Applause.)

The Rev. A. S. Hayden, of Collamer, formerly President of Hiram College, was called upon to address the meeting, and responded as follows:

REMARKS OF MR. HAYDEN.

My remarks, as I am called at the instant, will be very brief, and chiefly for two reasons: The approaching lateness of the hour, which some may feel, and the other fact that,

though not amongst the youngest men, I am perhaps the youngest born member of the association, and it does not become young children to talk long in the presence of age. But I take pleasure, for a reason or two that I will try to mention, in standing before you and with you in this relation, and as a member of this association. I was in this community long enough ago to know quite a number of its earliest members—far enough back to have had a very intimate acquaintance with Judge Samuel Starkweather, whom your whole city delighted to honor; in like manner, an acquaintance with the lamented and recently departed Judge Andrews, whose name amongst you will be cherished green as long as your memory continues. I do not forget, either, in a farther back period, my acquaintance with one of the first and most efficient sheriffs of your county. I mean David L. Wightman, who for quite a period carried the key of authority for the whole county; and still farther, I was here long enough ago to be acquainted with that distinguished physician, Dr. David Long, who passed away in early days, and was not known perhaps, even to a large number of the older persons before me.

I merely say, in addition to these reasons for gratification for standing amongst you, and being reckoned amongst the early settlers, this: To congratulate the community on the formation of such a society as this. It cannot but be that

the memories and the experiences of the older men of the community carry within them treasures of too vast importance to be forgotten; and the formation of this society will form a storehouse, a reservoir, where these early experiences and memories will be gathered together, and where they will be sifted and used, unquestionably, for profitable ends in years that are yet to come.

I merely take your time a little further to say that, whilst feeling very greatly the advantages likely to arise from this society in the way just now alluded to, there is another consideration which with equal hope inspires my heart. I venture it as a prophecy, if prophecy you may regard it, that many an instance of grand virtue, hid away behind the curtains, secluded, not wrought out upon the historic page, will in this society find mention and a memorial. Why is it that the sturdier virtues and the stronger powers of man are celebrated and the grander and finer elements of womanly character have been so long left in the shade? Why is it that our discerning and intelligent press of this city, whilst doing all it may to honor a citizen whom the whole town and the country are delighting to honor—I refer to him who has made so magnificent a bequest to the city, Leonard Case, Esq.,—why, in bringing out all his history, and the history of the toil and ability of his honored father, has his mother found no mention whatever? So far as my own observation has gone that quiet

excellent woman has not been referred to. I have eaten bread more than once at her table, and her bread was not the bread of idleness, nor was it ever salted with the salt of hypocrisy. Of noble virtues, but quiet, serene, contemplative, she filled well her measure and has passed away honorably. And how comes it that no mention of her has been made? In that group which we shall form in honor of the family, I would assign to her a conspicuous and honored place. And in like manner would I those excellent pioneer women who accompanied their husbands, and who became the founders by their virtue of the strong good sense and virtue which rules and pervades society here.

Hon. John W. Allen: Mr. President, I want to call upon the most popular man in Cleveland, a man who knows about three-quarters of all the men in Cleveland, and about all the women—Judge Tilden.

JUDGE TILDEN SPEAKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:

It was the last business that I expected to attend to, to be called in here to-day to make a speech. I came here for the purpose of witnessing the proceedings, at the earnest request of a particular friend of mine, and I am very much disinclined to talk. There is nothing that embarrasses me so much as to get up before an intelligent audience like this, and after I have said one word, don't know what to say next. (Laughter.)

That is precisely my condition to-day. I do not know that I am able to utter a single sentence here that will be worth your listening to. There is one thing, however, I wish to state distinctly, that I am a pioneer in the veriest sense of that word. And yet I am told that I have no right to associate with the pioneers that are assembled here to-day. I have been told that I was a kind of an outside barbarian.

I have been here, however, fifty years. I was in the country as early as 1830, and can say a few things in relation to life as it existed here at that time. It was the most interesting period of my life. I had nothing, and was not looking for anything in this world, and have not been very much disappointed in that respect (laughter), but there was a life there that was interesting to me. I was in Portage county, and it seems to me that I have rarely in my later experience seen a better order of men than those that inhabited the then wilderness of that country. There was no money. I recollect when wheat sold for three shillings a bushel. There were certain articles that they could buy by paying barter. Muskrat skins! skunk skins! yes, probably skunk skins were currency at that time (laughter), but when it came to tea and leather, I recollect that we had to scrape around and get the money for those things. (Laughter.)

There never was a more accomodating, kind-hearted set of men and women in the world than inhabited the country at

that time, and I am rejoiced that we are having this kind of associations as a kind of souvenir and a remembrancer of that class of men and women to whom this Western Reserve is so largely indebted for that refined and cultivated civilization it enjoys to-day. There were very few privileges. Everything was plain. If a neighbor was in trouble, wanted a barn raised, they would come five and ten miles to help him. If there was to be a logging, to gather together the logs, why, all the neighborhood would turn out and cheerfully assist a neighbor in performing his work. It cultivated a spirit of kindness, probably springing from the fact that every man felt that he was dependent upon his neighbor for a living. All was simple. I recollect how they used to kindle fires. They had no loco-foco matches in those days. I recollect I went to see an uncle of mine, and he started a fire in the morning—I guess that is a little ahead, maybe, of you pioneers who had a village here to start with. We hitched the old mare on the log; there were two doors in the log cabin, and the fire-place extended across the cabin: the old mare drew on the back log; then the fore-stick was drawn and put on the fire, and a fire was built that lasted for three or four days.

Well, we had religion then. I think I was more pious in those days than I have been since. (Laughter.) I know that those old Methodist preachers, who came round with their

leggings all covered with mud, used to meet at the school-house, and there was a kind of earnestness about them, a force and incisiveness in their talk that made a very deep and powerful impression upon my young mind at that time, more so than since. (Laughter.) There was no ostentation, no display; everything plain and straightforward. I recollect that there was a period during that early history when religion was the main topic of conversation. Every old farmer who was interested in religious matters, had a rusty old book in his pocket, and there was a controversy between my Brother Hayden's sect, called Campbellites at that time, and the Orthodox, and many a long, tedious struggle have I heard between them. Every man was gifted upon that subject. They would quote the text of scripture, fire and fire back, and it was entertaining and instructive, and cultivated a very high moral feeling in all classes of the community. Well, that was one time. We had no particular excitements. There were plenty of deer and plenty of bears and plenty of wolves. I think I never shall forget while I live when I came in from Connecticut, and from the civilized portion of the world, to stay with my grandfather. I recollect one night of hearing the wolves howl, and I would have given the whole United States if I could have gotten out of Ohio. (Laughter.) It was the most heart-sinking sound that I ever heard in my life. Now you will see, my friends, that I am a pioneer, and I don't under-

stand, my friend Rice, why I should be shut out from this society of yours.

I recollect that first time I came to Cleveland. It looked about as large to me, coming out of the woods, as it does to-day. Judge Spaulding was with me, and I will tell the story for the purpose mainly of illustrating how hard it was to have a little money in one's pocket, in those days. The Judge came along to me and said he, "I wish you would come to Cleveland with me." I sprang at once at the offer to see Cleveland. We journeyed along all day and finally reached Cleveland late in the evening. I think we stayed one night. Said the Judge to me: "Don't you want some oysters?" "Why, yes." I had not seen an oyster since I was a small boy. (Laughter.) Said I, "Yes, I will be glad of it." I took it that he had plenty of means. So we went over, I think, to a man by the name of Cozzens who kept a sort of saloon, and asked him if he had oysters. He said he had. He gave each of us a dish of oysters, and we ate them, and by that time I began to feel very well. (Laughter.) He came around and said he, "Won't you have some more?" Said I: "Yes, I will have some more." (Laughter.) I looked across the table to the Judge, and I saw that his head fell, and I took the hint in a moment that the funds were out. (Laughter.) Said I: "No, I think I have had enough. I won't take any more." (Laughter.) Afterwards I inquired of the Judge what it was that made his

countenance fall as it did. "Why," said he, "I had made my calculations and had paid the bill, and had got just exactly enough to get those two dishes of oysters and get home, and I hadn't a cent left, and when you called for another dish of oysters I was broke." (Laughter.)

I recollect the hardships which the farmers had to endure. There were no carriages—in fact, no roads. I have seen in those days a man load his family on a stone-boat, and when it came Sunday start off to the school-house. They would hitch the horses on to the stone-boat. You know what that is; they used to call them drags in Connecticut. The whole family, on account of the mud, would get on to that stone-boat and ride to church. That is one of the hardships they had to endure at that time.

Well, now, gentlemen, I am not going to talk here any longer. I can see and feel myself that I am not getting ahead much. (Laughter.) But I can assure you of one thing: That there is no organization that has interested me more than this one that you are here to-day for the purpose of strengthening and perpetuating. These old pioneers should be remembered. We are as much indebted to them as to any class of men that have lived upon the face of the earth, and I rejoice with you that there is a spirit at last awakening by which their memory is to be preserved and perpetuated. Thanking you for your patience, I leave you.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S REMINISCENCES.

Mr. S. Williamson was called on next. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT:

I suppose you will not expect an address at this time from me, and all that I shall attempt to do in the five minutes allowed to me will be to refresh some of your recollections about the early condition of Cleveland. Probably most of you, like myself, cannot very well remember Cleveland in connection with your childhood so that you can fix upon a thing as having occurred at this or that or the other time. But I will give you some of my recollections of Cleveland, and will occupy but a brief time. I will say that at my earliest recollection Water street had been opened; that is, the timber had been cut out and a wagon road was run down through the center of the street from Superior street to Bank street, so called. It had grown up, however, with elder bushes, thick all the way along. There were occasional trees and some houses upon it. The house nearest the lake was that of Alfred Kelley, who has been referred to here, and was the first brick house built in this city. It stood upon the corner of Water and Bank streets, so-called. Mr. Kelley, as you well know, was also the first lawyer here. I may also mention that the first bank, known as the Old Commercial Bank of Lake Erie, was organized by him. The next house was a small one-story wooden house occupied by Dr. Long, the first physician here,

standing upon Water street where the light-house now stands. Two or three houses, amongst them one occupied by my father, at that time, according to my earliest recollections, were all there were upon Water street. There was a clearing on each side of Water street from Superior street to the lake; on the west side of Water street to the river, and on the east side to about where Bank street is, and the lower part of it from St. Clair street—there being no St. Clair street there then—to the lake was occupied by Mr. Carter as a farm. One year, I remember, he had it covered with rye from Water street up to about Bank street. There was one log house standing upon Lake street, a little east of Water street. The only house there was upon those premises. Under the hill there were several log houses, warehouses, etc., and one or two dwelling houses. Commencing at Superior street and going down toward the lake, when you got down below what was Mandrake street there were woods, and from that down under the hill it was mostly swamp or wet land.

Perhaps I might say here, the first brewery built in this city was built under the hill on the Lighthouse street lot, and I remember after I came here the first fire in this city was at that brewery, which was destroyed.

On Superior street it was cleared of timber, so far as I remember, up to the Public Square, and the Public Square partly. The old court house stood on the northwest corner of

the square. The street was full of large stumps, but otherwise than that it was clear. There were upon that quite a number of houses. Amongst the rest was one kept by Mr. Wallace, and afterwards by Mr. Merwin, and there were some others on the other side. Mr. Newberry kept the store on the corner of Water and Superior streets and occupied the land from Water street up to about Bank street. When I say he occupied it, I mean there was a fence around it, and he had planted some fruit trees, peaches mostly, and it was a suitable place for pasturing cows, and it was a good place for picking strawberries. As you came up this way the only clearing was a field right opposite where we are now, but there was a wagon track from the square. Going south of Ontario street there was a wagon track until you reached where Mr. Walworth owned. There was an opening there extending down the hill, and that was the only clearing there was there for some distance in that direction.

The first vessel, I may say, built here, the vessel that has been referred to, was built by Major Carter on top of the hill between Water and Union streets. It was built at an early date, and was afterwards destroyed by the British in the war of 1812. At the same time Levi Johnson built a smaller vessel just east of the Public Square. He was a common carpenter and had no experience in building vessels; but he watched the building of Mr. Carter's and succeeded in build-

ing that. Of course, they had to haul it down to the river to be launched. It was a small vessel. He ran it for a few years until he was able to build a better one, and did build a better one in 1817.

One word in reference to schools. The first school of which I have any recollection was taught in a barn which stood back of the American House, between that and the brow of the hill; and I should not remember that, perhaps, but for one or two circumstances. I know a severe, heavy storm of wind, rain and hail came from the west, and blew through the cracks and knotholes of the barn, and the school was broken up for that day. Of course, it was not a finished building at all, it was merely built of planks, logs, sticks, etc. That was the first school of which I have any recollection. Afterwards there was a shed, so-called, that stood where the Commercial buildings now stand. There was a school also taught by the late Benjamin Carter, in a little old building that stood on Water street. It was kept there, I think, two winters. Afterwards we went to the old Court House, and occupied, in the first place, the family room. Afterwards we went up stairs and occupied the room when the court was not in session. It was kept there until the small building was erected on St. Clair street, west of Bank street, which remained there until a very few years ago. From that the school was transferred to the Academy, a brick building erected on the oppo-

site side of the street. At the time that little building was erected on St. Clair street, the opposite side of the street was wood. When I say "wood," I mean brush, with occasional trees. Of course, schools in those days were taught but a short time by one person. The first teacher we had was Miss Hickox. There were two Misses Hickox, one at one time and another at another. They were the first teachers in this city of whom I have any recollection. [Applause.]

HON. JOHN A. FOOTE'S REMARKS.

Somewhere about 1836 a weather-beaten man, with some marks of dissipation came to our office to have us commence a suit for slander against his brother. It seemed that the wife of this man—Captain Reuben Turner—had been called as a witness in a suit where his brother—William Turner—was a party, and that she had testified against William. That William at once arose and denounced her to the audience as a bad woman. Upon this the old Captain, probably then under the influence of liquor, advanced to her, and, throwing his arms about her neck, exclaimed: "Now mind, Mima, old Uncle Reuben loves you yet!" We brought suit and recovered a judgment. The old captain soon came in and reported to us that his brother William had called on him and complained that he, the captain, would ruin him by collecting that judgment. He told us that he replied to his brother that he did not wish to injure him. That he did not want a cent of his

money, but that he must sign a writing "that he lied about the old woman," and that then he would give up the judgment. But he told him that if he should refuse to do this that he would collect the judgment. I think William would not sign the papers, and that the old captain collected the judgment. This love for his wife and his odd sailor ways and expressions interested me in him, though he continued his intemperate habits. But at length I met him, and perceiving a great change for the better—with all marks of intemperance gone—I exclaimed: "What has produced this great improvement?" He replied that he had become a temperance man—that "the old woman had loved him out of the ditch."

Shortly after this the news reached us here of the announcement of the Washingtonian temperance movement among the drunkards at Baltimore, as well as of the wonderful success of Father Matthew in Ireland. Hoping to aid the cause here, we called on the old captain to give us his experience. He responded, and astonished us all. He had drained the cup to its bitter dregs, and like the modern Murphy, he electrified the community, and induced thousands to follow his example. Aristarchus Champion, a wealthy and benevolent gent from Rochester, happening here at this period, offered the old captain \$500 if he would devote himself to the work for three months. The offer was accepted, but instead of three months he labored in this cause for two years, and

he told me that he obtained fifty thousand names to the pledge of total abstinence. Among these was Judge Smith, of Medina, who had become a drunkard and had fallen so low that his wife had obtained a divorce from him. His reformation was, however, so thorough that they were remarried, and some years since I read the notice of the Judge's death in Wisconsin at an extreme age and with a flattering obituary.

Captain Turner was remarkable for his great good sense. This was specially seen in one of our county temperance conventions. It was in the very white heat of the Washingtonian movement. A. W. Kellogg had denounced the clergy for not taking greater interest in the movement. Dr. Aiken, the then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, in reply to him said the Washingtonians reminded him of what he had frequently seen in the city of New York in his boyhood. It was the launching of vessels. It was in this fashion: After the vessel had been built by long and persistent labor, a crowd of gentlemen and ladies would come aboard and a single block would be knocked away, and the vessel, with her load, would glide into the water, while the gentlemen and ladies would shout and swing their hats and handkerchiefs, and act just as if they had both built and launched the vessel.

Now, said the Doctor, we built this good temperance ship by careful and strenuous labors, and now you Washingtonians claim all the credit, &c.

Old Captain Turner sprung to his feet and said: "Father Aiken seems to feel a good deal wamble-cropped at what Brother Kellogg has said, and I am not surprised at it. For it is true that the blackcoats did build this good ship and floated us Washingtonians off as he has said." And then turning to Dr. Aiken, he continued: "Now, Doctor, the ship is built, all things are ready, why not come aboard and 'horah?'"

There is one of the old settlers, whose remains now sleep in one of our city cemeteries, whose name and deeds are worthy of remembrance by this society, and we certainly should be grateful for his example, even if it is not proper to be proud of having had in our ranks so great a reformer.

FROM ANOTHER OLD SETTLER.

Mr. John W. Allen said: We are telling stories to-night, and I may as well tell one to show how different things are from what they were once. In the old village corporation there was a president, recorder, and three trustees. The legislation was in the hands of the trustees and president. I happened in the year 1828 to be one of them. Dr. Long was another. We thought it expedient to buy a fire engine, and we negotiated with Mr. Seelye for the purpose of purchasing a small engine. It was before the days of steam fire engines. We were about to make a contract with him for the engine, and were to pay him \$400, \$50 down and \$350 in a note of the corporation. There was a set of men here who were

hostile to the measure. They got up a meeting and talked pretty strongly, intimating that we had joined hands with Seelye to swindle the people here, and that we undoubtedly participated in the plunder. But we bought the engine and paid the \$50 like honest men, and gave the note of the corporation for the balance. An election intervened the next spring, and we were all turned out, and a new set of men put in who repudiated the note. The note came here for collection, judgment was rendered, and those men had to walk up to the captain's office and settle the bill.

Nothing affects me more forcibly than the contrast between that little machine and the array of sometimes a dozen of our great steam fire engines, of immense power and beautiful too in their appearance, and that never tire while the coal and water last.

That was in the early days when the population was small and the means and views were small, ten or fifteen years before the application of steam for such purposes was dreamed of.

But the advance in this particular matter of protection against fire only corresponds with that of population and wealth, and the application of inventive genius in a hundred ways to the wants and convenience of mankind, which has marked the progress of the last half century.

Our successors of that day may look back upon us of this

day as a simple minded people, doing the best we knew how with the little knowledge and means we had, but as not amounting to any particular sum according to their theme standard.

REMARKS OF H. M. ADDISON.

MR. PRESIDENT:—

At this late hour I desire to state only a few facts in a few words, by way of making a close connection between the past and the present.

On my right sits Mr. Wm. H. Warren, the oldest man now living, who was born in Warrensville, in the first log house in that township; and Mr. Elias Cozad, a member of our association, helped to build that house.

My father taught the first school in the first log school house in that township. The first singing school was taught in that school house, and I hold in my hand one of the books used in that school. Simple facts like these call vividly to mind early scenes in my career of life, and the wonderful progress in the condition of our county in a comparatively short period of time; and I hope the early settlers of the various townships will come to our next convention, prepared to give many of the kind, either orally or in writing. They are "Foot-prints in the sands of time," that are very desirable to preserve, and the sooner they are collected and reduced to writing, the more we will have of them, and the more accurate

they will be, and consequently more interesting to future generations.

The Rev. J. T. Avery was called for, but declined to make any remarks, owing to the lateness of the hour.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

Mr. R. T. Lyon offered the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved. That the thanks of this association be extended to the officers of this church for the free use of their fine and comfortable building to hold this, our first convention; also, to the speakers, organist, and the Arion Quartett Club for their efforts, which have added so much to our enjoyment.

Resolved. That we favor the proposition of Mr. S. E. Adams that a monument be erected in this city to the memory of Moses Cleaveland, and that this association take measures to favor that object.

And thereupon the convention united in singing the doxology, and then adjourned to meet next year at the call of the Executive Committee.

Written Statement received from Geo. B. Merwin, Esq.

MR. PRESIDENT:

My father came to Cleveland in 1815, the family in February 1816. There were six houses on Superior street, George Wallace's tavern, Dr. Long's office, (he lived in

a double log house in his garden back of the office on the lot where the American House now stands,) Ashbel W. Walworth's house and office on same lot, Irad Kelley's store and house opposite Bank street; Uncle Abram Heacox's blacksmith shop where E. I. Baldwin's store now stands, on one side of his sign were the words "Uncle Abram works here," on the other a gentleman on horseback saying "Can you shoe my horse?" "Yes, sir." And a two story framed building where the Forest City House now stands, called Mowrey's tavern, were on the south side. Nathan Perry's store and house, corner of Water and Superior street, and the Weddell House lot, extending to St. Clair, were fenced in with rails, having a peach orchard in the north half of the lot. Here one morning. I picked up sixteen pigeons which my father killed at one shot. An old red building in which the Commercial Bank of Lake Erie was established by Alfred Kelley in 1817, stood on the corner of Bank street; the hay-scales stood where Ogden Crittenden's jewelry store now stands, and in the back part of this old red building the Cleveland HERALD was established in 1819.

The letter "a" in the name as spelled by General Moses Cleaveland, was omitted by the printers, who having ordered a new set of type for a new heading, it was found that the size of the type extended the name too far across the paper to make a good job, the letter "a" was therefore omitted. The

paper upon which it was printed came from Pittsburg, once not arriving in time, an edition was issued on foolscap. David Burroughs blacksmith shop was on the opposite corner of Seneca; his large flock of geese occupied a part of Superior street, opposite his shop every time it rained.

The old red court house and log jail stood on the square in front of the late Dr. Aiken's church; the court room was used for religious services—a masonic lodge and general elections; the stumps of the gallows upon which the Indian Omic was hung for the murder of two trappers at Sandusky, were visible in front of it. Omic was anatomized by Dr. Long. I have seen his bones many times.

When the bank was established, a suitable person for cashier was required. Judge Kingsbury, happening to be in town one day, was asked if he knew any one among his acquaintances who could fill the position. He said he knew a young man by the name of Leonard Case, who wrote a good hand and was said to be a good accountant; and he thought he would answer. He was engaged and was the first cashier and Alfred Kelley the first president.

In 1817—18 small change was very scarce and the trustees of the village to relieve the wants of the people, after consulting with the business men, concluded best to issue corporation scrip, called by the people "Corporation Shinplasters," to the amount of one hundred dollars, in denominations from

six and a quarter cents to fifty cents. I have two of these bills signed by Daniel Kelley, president, Horace Perry, clerk.

There were financiers in those days as well as in modern times; a silver dollar was divided into nine pieces, each passing for a shilling, and a pistareen worth eighteen and three-quarter cents, went for a shilling also.

Judge Samuel Williamson lived on the corner of St. Clair and Water streets. Alfred Kelley in a brick-house near the bank of the lake, north of his house he had a field of two acres in wheat, north of this was a road leading to the mouth of the river.

Water street was fenced in, the corners of the fence full of elders and stumps. Levi Johnson lived on the corner of Lake and Water. St. Clair street was fenced in on the south side as far as Seneca. Bank street was fenced in on each side with two or three houses upon it. At the foot of Bank street was a stockade fort, erected during the war of 1812, which would hold 250 men, it was constructed of chestnut slabs, pointed with port holes for musquetry, part of the slabs were standing and were cut down for fire wood as occasion required. This work was called Fort "Hungerford" by the boys, from the fact that a widow of that name lived in the bushes near by and was frequently visited by the commanding officer; the boys to show their appreciation of his devotion to the lonesome widow, one night placed a tub of soft soap at the rear

door, then knocking at the front door, the escaping officer landed in the tub of soap up to his knees. In those days in the spring of the year the bank of the lake used to crack off and fall down several feet below the plain. I remember going along there one spring, the bank had cracked and fallen, exposing about half of a coffin made of Chestnut slabs, pinned together with wooden pins; looking down I discovered the skull and other bones of some poor fellow who had been laid there to take his rest, not with his "martial cloak around him," but in his red flannel shirt and an army blanket.

The first school house, a small frame, was built in the spring of 1817 on a lot adjoining the Kennard House; twenty-four scholars attended the first school; several of the young men in the village contributed to help pay the teacher; in this house religious services were held every sabbath. Judge Daniel Kelley offering prayer, some young man reading a sermon, and my mother leading the singing. The first winter a man by the name of Parsons was the teacher. I have a feeling recollection how very particular he was to warm the chestnut sprouts in the ashes, and how nicely they fitted to the hollow of my back.

On the river, at the foot of Lighthouse street, Levi Johnson had a small frame store house; Matthew Williamson a tannery at the foot of Union Lane; my father a log store-house at the foot of Superior street. Christopher Gun kept

the ferry across the river, using a scow for teams and skiff for footmen, one shilling for teams and six pence for footmen was the charge for ferryage.

My father built the schooner "Minerva" at the foot of Superior street. She was launched in March 1822, and was the first vessel registered in the District of Cuyahoga, under the United States revenue laws; she was named after my mother; when she was launched I stood upon the heel of the bowsprit, as the stern touched the water and called out the name and smashed a gallon jug of whisky, as was the custom at launching in those days. She was the first vessel west of Buffalo that had a chain cable. My father got suitable iron rods from Pittsburg, and an excellent blacksmith, Washington Jones, who made forty-five fathoms of chain during the winter; to test its strength was of the first importance.

At that time there were several butternut trees along the east side of Water street; my father sent out to Judge Kingsbury and Esquire Samuel Dodge at Euclid, to furnish him fifteen yoke of oxen; they were brought in, the chain fastened to one of the trees, the cattle were hitched on, all being ready word was given to surge away, which being done three times without parting it, Capt. Clifford Belden, her master and two or three other masters present, pronounced the trial satisfactory; the chain would hold the vessel in any gale.

Office holders in those times were not as numerous as now. Ashbel W. Walworth was custom house collector, postmaster and the pioneer letter carrier, as he usually carried the letters in his hat and delivered them to the persons addressed when he met them.

The famous itinerant preacher, Lorenzo Dow, held forth under one of these trees one Sunday afternoon in July 1827. His first words were, "well, here you all are, rag, shag and bob tail." He sat flat on the ground during his discourse.

The arrival of Gov. DeWitt Clinton, of New York, to break ground for the commencement of the Ohio Canal on the Licking County summit in 1825, the celebration of the opening of the canal from Cleveland to Akron in June 1827, and many other items relating to early Pioneer times, I will defer to some future meeting of the Association.

Very respectfully,

GEO. B. MERWIN.

LAKE SIDE, ROCKPORT, May 20, 1880.

Written Remarks received from Mrs. Geo. B. Merwin.

MR. PRESIDENT.

I was brought to Cleveland when a baby, in the first steamer that ever ploughed the waters of Lake Erie, the "Walk-in-the-water".—A fierce gale blowing, there being no wharves, as docks, the steamer rode out the storm of three days and nights at anchor, in great danger of going on the beach, watched most anxiously by the few inhabitants from the shore, there being no possible means of communicating with her. At that time all freight and passengers were landed by means of lighters and yawl boats. The greatest speed of the Walk-in-the-water was ten miles an hour; her route from Detroit to Black Rock, three miles below Buffalo, and in coming up the Niagara, there not being force enough in her engines, she was towed to Buffalo by six yoke of oxen. The price of passage was ten dollars from Detroit to Cleveland, and twenty from Cleveland to Buffalo. The first teacher I remember was Miss Eliza Beard, to whom I went when five years old. Her parents were cultivated Irish people. At the age of nine I was sent to Harvey Rice, a young law student from the East, who taught in a brick building on St. Clair St., an Academy, and used on Sundays for holding church services, An adjoining lot, covered with old stumps, deposited there from various parts of the town, weather-beaten and bleached by storms, was our

play ground. the stumps our horses and play houses, where we arranged our bits of broken crockery, not a set of dishes intended for children having yet been brought to the village. On the south side of Superior street, nearly opposite the City Hall I should think, there was a spring of soft water, and near it a shelter was built of boughs of trees in summer, and here many of the women used to congregate for washing, hanging there clothes on the surrounding bushes. The wells, what few there were containing only hard water. The only water carrier for a long time, was Benhu Johnson, who with his sister a Mrs. White, lived on Euclid street, about where the Vienna Coffee House is now. Benhu, with his wooden leg, little wagon and old horse, was in great demand on Mondays, when he drew two barrels of water at a time, covered with blankets, up the long, steep hill from the river, now known as Vineyard street, to parties requiring the element. In fancy I see him now, with his unpainted vehicle, old white horse, himself stumping along keeping time to the tune "Roving Sailor" which he was fond of singing, occasionally starting "Old Whitey" with a kick from the always ready leg, especially if he had been imbibing freely. At the corner of Bank and Superior streets was the store and dwelling of Peter M. Weddell, a brick building with a piazza in front. Our friend, the present Mrs. Weddell, being then noted, as since, for her love of flowers, and the choice assortment she then possessed. Judge Kings-

bury's was a favorite place to visit, for health, pleasure and cherries; the latter being the sour French fruit, brought from Detroit, as delicious to our uncultivated tastes, as the choicest of the present day. A sulphur spring on his farm was sought as a cure for cutaneous diseases.

The completion of the Ohio canal was celebrated by a great ball at the Mansion House kept by James Belden. I attended with my parents and sat awhile in the lap of Gov. Allen Trimble who had honored the occasion by his presence. It took all the men, women and children in the village who danced, to make enough for a set of contra dances, or quadrilles. A violin player by the name of Hendershot, who lived in Euclid, was the musician for many years. When a ball was held, the managers went for the ladies in a carriage, commencing at five in the afternoon, that all might be there in time for business at six o'clock, and I well remember the late Mr. Orlando Cutter, escorting mother and myself to one when I was nine or ten years old. Cows pastured in and around the town at their own sweet will, coming home at night to be milked, mother insuring the return of hers by feeding her now and then slices of bread and sugar. These are a few of my early recollections. The change from the hamlet to the village, from the log house to the frame building, is better remembered, than from the village to the city. After a few good residences are built, the eye becomes accustomed to them, and the

gradual increase in numbers is not so much noticed. I walk the streets of Cleveland to day unmindful of the changes time and wealth have wrought. Only occasionally I look back and see the scattering houses—the vacant lots—the second growth of oaks on the square as we then called the Park.

MRS. GEO. B. MERWIN.

LAKE SIDE, ROCKPORT, May 30th, 1880.

*Written Recollections and Experiences received from
J. H. Sargent, Esq.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

For forty years all the members of this association, and some of us for a much longer period, have contributed their share towards making history for Cuyahoga County. But where shall we all be forty years hence? Every younger recruit of to-day will then be an octogenarian, at least, or on the other side of Jordan. The venerable men of that day will be telling of the great bridge victory of peace consummated in the Viaduct, as I may refer to-day to the bridge victory of war. They will be telling of fierce contests between gas-lights and petroleum, and electricity, as we now refer to the tallow dips and grease cups, with overhanging lighted rags, of our youthful days.

While some of the most sensitive among us may now be looking back with longing to the quiet days of sandy streets

and grassy walks, and an atmosphere innocent of coal dust and vile smells of crude oils, slaughter houses, acid works and untrapped sewers, the veteran of that day will describe them as the dark days of "applied science." For by that time the active minds of our "Case Institute" and of progress the world over, will have lighted our streets and dwellings with the lightnings from heaven, and warmed our homes with the vapor of water, while smoke and filth and vile smells will have become too precious to be wasted upon the desert air. Per chance electricity generated in the coal mines and brought to us on threads of metal, may furnish our busy half million with power and light and heat. At least this picture is good to look upon. The possibilities of this progressive age are almost boundless, and after all this would scarcely be more wonderful than the advancement to-day from the condition of things when I first set foot upon the shores of the sand blocked Cuyahoga. This is what I now propose to describe to you.

I hope my fellow members will not consider me egotistical if my narrative takes somewhat the form of an auto-biography—what is history but the recital of the acts and experiences of men?—When a boy of four years, in 1818, we came to Cleveland from the River Raisin, New Monroe, Michigan. The little schooner, in whose hold we were all huddled together, was forced to anchor off the mouth of "the creek." A lighter

came out and took us over the bar, and landed us at the foot of Superior street, or rather Superior Lane, as it was then called. At the corner of South Water and Superior street stood the first-class Hotel of the village, kept by Noble H. Merwin.

Here we recovered from the sickness incident to rolling seas and bilge water. My father, a blacksmith, went into partnership with that well-known character "Uncle Abram Heacox," and worked and lived on the now celebrated Boulevard, Euclid Avenue. "Uncle Abram" was a historical character, and relics of him and his trade are now on exhibition in the Historical rooms. From Euclid street we dropped down into the little "red house" on Water street, near Frankfort.

The accumulated dust of these sixty years through which memory has to peer with all the intervening experiences, leaves upon the mind of the careless boy but a shadow of here and there a fact, important and trivial, strangely mixed. Farther down on Water street, near the lake, about that time, Wm. G. Taylor established himself, who afterwards in company with "Jim Brown" became notorious sharpers, and fitted out a ship at New Orleans to send to China with counterfeit United States bank bills to exchange for tea. They were, however, detected and escaped punishment, I believe through some tricks of the law. Taylor, I believe, was sharp

enough to ever after keep clear of prison bars; but Brown after various vicissitudes and escapes through a courageous daughter, was finally caged for good.

Near this point lived Dr. MacIntosh, a rough eccentric character, who made such free use of that early manufacture of the west side which gave its name to Whisky Island, that at last he fell from his horse and broke his neck some years later. Of his two wild sons—chips of the old block—Grove and Dan, some of you can doubtless tell some anecdotes.

In those days the correct people also had their physician, Doctor Long, an exemplary man and skillful M. D.; lived on Superior street, near where now stands E. I. Baldwin's store. His only daughter, Mrs. Mary L. Severance and her descendants, and his adopted daughter Catharine Phelps, now Mrs. James Sears of Chestnut Ridge, Brooklyn, and their descendants are still among us.

Noble H. Merwin, "mine host," I remember as a prominent villager among us. His two sons and a daughter I remember well. The daughter Minerva broke to me the bottle upon the stern of the first water craft launched in Cleveland, and imparted to the schooner "Minerva" her name. Through her husband came the Atwater estate, now fronting upon South Water street and the Viaduct. I remember Gus, as a rather gay clerk, now gone to the "happy hunting grounds,"

while George B. is still among us and well-known to most of us.

In these days Orlando Cutter, the later well-known auctioneer, dispensed provisions, sugar and groceries, just where the Viaduct touches Superior street.

Nathan Perry's store on the corner, Merwin's tavern across the way, Walworth the hatter, and tailor White, are other dim recollections of those early days. Dovetailing into these I see Philo Scovill, and his wife Jemima, still of us, and her sisters Meriam and Rose; Ann Bixby looming up soon after in the Franklin House. Then follows "Ed" and "Ol," afterwards "Crocket" and Caroline. These shadows are bounded by Young and Scovill's saw mill out in "the thick woods," on Big Creek, Brooklyn, on the one hand and the Franklin House on the other. Mrs. Scovill and the children we have still with us; the others have gone where the good pioneers go.

These are the dim shadows that bound my vision east of the Cuyahoga, down to the end of the second decade in this momentous century.

Since then my lot has been cast on the much advertised "West Side," and with your indulgence I will continue my recollections there down to the real marriage of the two sides—the completion of the viaduct.

By no Viaduct, by no street cars, by no iron rails, by no

pavements of solid stone or rotten wood, by only the Ferry boat could the great east communicate along the shore of Lake Erie, with the almost unbroken west.

Charon's duties were here performed by old father Gun and his boy, nick-named Pistol. We settled down on an acre of ground on Pearl street, near Franklin, for which we gave seventy-five dollars, a large sum in those days. Judge Josiah Barber, the patron of Brooklyn Township, then lived on the corner of Pearl and Franklin streets, in an unpretentious log house, and Alonzo Carter down by the ferry in a frame house, the only one then on the west side; but a half dozen more sprang up quite suddenly. Alonzo Carter was a character of the olden time, but long gone from among us. I imagine I see now the particular kink to his eye and jirk to his head as he starts out with his rifle on his shoulder, and his pack of hounds at his heels for a deer hunt. The flat about the old river bed was then a dense swampy thicket, bounded on the lake side by a narrow sandy beach. The hounds would drive the deer on to this beach, when thinking to escape their tormenters they would take to the lake. But there was no escape, for the old hunter was there with his unerring rifle to brain them. His children, and I believe his widow, are still among us to connect the old with the new.

In those days there were too few children to support a school west of the River and the mysteries of Webster's spell-

ing book were taught me in a two roomed frame building on St. Clair street, perhaps where the central station of the fire department now is. This single school was sufficient for the united vilages of some four hundred inhabitants.

Well I remember seeing the forest slowly driven back towards the setting sun. The first great want of the settlers a Distillery was soon supplied.

The Walworth run was then really a spring creek as it was called of pure clear water very different from the sluggish pool of blood and filth it now is. Its waters drove a paper mill near Mill street, and a planing mill near Willey Street and another near its mouth. The native forest trees were cut away on the top of Detroit street hill for the blacksmithshop, while shoemaker Smith went about "whipping the cat" and guzzling Josiah's low wines, and at this early day a store was started on the corner of Franklin and Pearl—Trinity Church was there instituted about this time and Bishop Chase and Parson Searl lent an occasional helping hand to Judge Barber and others in conducting services and Sunday schools in private houses.

This progress had been made down to the close of the year 1822. The next ten years I spent in New Hampshire, imbibing Democracy from Isaac Hill and Levi Woodberry, and my liberal religious views from Hosea Ballou—and they, the views, stick to this day.

I left the west side with the genus "Homo," disputing its possession with the bears, deers, black snakes and clouds of wild pigeons, and Pearl and Detroit streets in undisputed possession of jimson weeds and sand hills.

Fellow Earlies—I must tell you that my trip to New Hampshire was made in a two horse sleigh carrying most of our provisions with us. This was before the days of canned food, but Jack Frost came to our assistance and preserved our meats.

My ten years sojourn in the land of steady habits wrought some change in the means of locomotion. Steamboats had established themselves upon domestic waters; and even a railway fifteen miles in length had been built between Albany and Schenectady. A young locomotive drew the carriages over the level part of the Road, but the grades were operated by animals and gravity. Thence to Buffalo the "Line Road" dragged its slow length along, and from there the "Henry Clay" rushed us through in twenty-four hours. This was a decided improvement over the two horse sleigh, but how small! Compared with the accomplishments of the half century intervening since.

These ten years had wrought great changes in Cleveland. The government Piers had been constructed and the "Ohio Canal" with its produce laden boats and gay Packets, made things lively. Still that great cause of future contention between the east and west, and between land and Water com-

merce—beginning with the Columbus street Bridge and ending with the Viaduct, had not yet arisen. A single raft of logs—a “float bridge” spanned the river at Center street and this was succeeded by a pontoon bridge, these when the freshets came it made sundry excursions to the lake. Our present great interest, the Iron industry had already made a beginning. The “Cuyahoga Steam Furnace” was standing on its present site, and Blast Furnaces were making pig iron at Dover and Middleburgh, from charcoal and bog ore.

About this time arose that sectional strife known as “the bridge war”—a chasm but just bridged by the completion of the Viaduct.

A Buffalo company uniting with local spirits bought up the Carter and Charles Taylor farms, and these with the Patroons of Brooklyn, sought to overshadow the pretensions of their eastern neighbors. Then arose those enterprising spirits, James S. and Edmund Clark, who buying up Cleveland Center and Willeyville opened up Columbus street straight south from Superior street, and erected the Columbus street draw-bridge. This they donated to the then city of Cleveland which uniting with certain marine interests sought to prevent the construction of any bridge below Columbus street; while Brooklyn, new incorporated under the specious name of “The City of Ohio” determined that there should be more bridges or none.

This war continued to rage until the bridge interests have seen the travail of their souls and are satisfied.

About that time another of Cleveland's great interests received its first "Boom". Elijah F. Willey, a Baptist clergyman put in operation on the Walworth run near Willey street a Brewery, so the introduction among us of this wicked beverage cannot be laid at the door of the immigrant Tueton.

These events, thus rapidly sketched, occurred, to use round numbers, between 1820 and 1840.

In the year 1840 the first movements in the direction of Railways were made in what is now Cleveland. But they were made by men with more brains and enterprise than money, and it was ten years before the locomotive whistle was sounded in Cleveland.

Since then, Ladies and Gentlemen, you have all been citizens of Cuyahoga county, and I will not tire your patience longer. When all the members of this Association shall have as minutely related their experiences as I have, they will be in possession of the history of Cuyahoga County.

J. H. SARGENT.

*A sketch of Early Times in Cleveland, received from
Geo. F. Marshall.*

MR. PRESIDENT:

The comparatively recent date in which Cuyahoga county was peopled, makes this effort of the early settlers to keep alive its history, one of interest to yourselves and may become of greater importance to those who follow. Most of you have lived here fully one half the time since the first settler made his home in this part of the Reserve, and if you are disposed to brighten up your memory respecting the past and the traditions of a generation or two that preceded you, we may gather a tolerably correct history of the region round about and make a safer record to rely upon than those of which we read respecting cities and countries away back ever so far in the past.

This association appears to have taken a broader and more liberal ground than any with which I was ever connected. It requires no standard of morals or education, it has no article of faith in religion or politics, no restriction in height or breadth, weight, health, wealth, color, physical forces, or previous condition of the purse, has no abstemious clause or other restrictive policy, and the tenure of membership is that we have been hanging about Cuyahoga Co. two score years or more all told. The object of the organization, although not

fully defined in the constitution, I take it is that we shall get together now and then and look each other in the face to see how the Lake winds have affected us, and tell pitiful and pleasing stories about how things appeared to us when we were born into this new western world. Some of you older settlers may propose for entertainment pastimes of athletic contests, such as running, jumping, climbing greased poles, chopping, plowing, turning summersets, building log cabins, chasing foxes or other early pastimes, just to show the younger settlers how well you can do it in your old days.

The true standard by which an "OLD SETTLER" is regarded in a community, is not so well defined as that of an old sinner, (although the two qualifications may be embraced in the same person.) Whether it be that he has managed to live here forty years and more and means to stick it out, or that he left his early home for its good, or that he was unable to gain a living where he was, or that his father told him to go somewhere and do something for himself, or that he came here out of choice and was determined to make it pay; it matters but little as long as we are here and have gained a residence and claim the title. The chances or mischances which fell in our path to make this our home do not enter into the conditions by which we gain the title, neither need these things be recorded by the secretary with our birth place and the time we landed for good in this Lake shore region.

If there be any settler who came here single handed in early manhood that can put his hand upon his heart and say that he never longed to see his former home in less than six months,—in other words if his heart was so tough that he did not feel the peculiar sensation of homesickness now and then—that he did not go down on the bank of the Lake in the winter time and long for spring to come, and the ice to melt, and the boats to run—if that sort of an old settler still lives, Rider wants his photograph. He has mine, but it hangs on the opposite side of his gallery.

At the battle of Cherubusco a guard of our soldiers heard a moan coming out of a near wood and upon following up the sound, they discovered a big, stout, healthy soldier on a cactus stump, swaying too and fro, all alone, moaning pitifully; they came to a halt and waited, undiscovered, to see what would develop.

“O my God,” shouted the lone soldier, “I do want to go home and see our Folks.” He appeared to be in the agony of prayer and homesickness.

You see a brave hearted soldier, even on the (con)tented field, thinks of his home and his mother, and perhaps the pumpkin pies she used to make, but nevertheless there may have been a young lady in the case; there is no certain method to account for human sympathies and mental suffering.

It is possible that there are three or more sorts of early

settlers among us; one who came in early manhood to work his way single handed, another who came in early youth, led by the hand of his parents, and another who by good luck was born here. It is easy to guess that the former had more yearning to go and see "our folks" than either of the latter, but what one class gains the other loses.

A man's start out in life to earn his own bread and butter is the next most important event to his birth. You will remember that Shakespeare said something about man's coming and his going, and about the parts he plays, but he said not a word about the play in Cuyahoga county. The world, we thought, was pretty large when we started out in it, and we thought we had reached about as far west as it was safe to go. Do you remember how men and things, houses and lands, the moon and the stars dwindled in comparison to those you left behind? You made new discoveries every time you went back home and returned; after a time your eye teeth were well cut and you began to see things in their true light and became a "settler" in stubborn facts and in the unalterable.

A neighbor of mine who came from Great Britain and settled in this county some fifty odd years ago, made a visit to his native heath after forty odd years of absence, and although he found the identical fields, the orchards, the houses, the barns and hedges, he declares that if he had

waited another ten years before making his first visit, he fears all England would be dwindled to such small proportions that it would not be worth while to take a look at it. He further contends that one of two things has taken place, either his ideas he brought with him have changed, or the country he left has terribly shrunk up. It can scarcely be said that forty years ago any man came here to be a bona fide "settler" and make no sign—there were no retired men of wealth, living on a laid up fortune—about every one had his fortune to make and his bread to earn; if we should exact an accurate account of the moneys and valuables you were in possession of when you became "settled," I think the column would not be a hard one to foot. If a man was known to have as much as two or three hundred dollars in good current money, or as much as would sell for that in "wild cat" or "red dog," he was looked upon with suspicion, and most people could not help but think that he came by it in some mysterious and improper way. Money being rather scarce in those early days, there were now and then some public spirited people who were anxious to supply the needs and necessities of community by establishing private mints and banks of issue, and duplicating those bits of paper that passed current for all the necessities of life. And these were banks of early profits some after fare, and the proverbial maxim that "man hath sought out many inventions," was manifest wherever you

chanced to investigate. Currency, or the want of it, was a source of happiness or misery as well in those days as in these.

I have not enumerated in my list the most emphatic and noteworthy "old settler" that is entitled to the widest field and the highest honor; I mean the one who, in early manhood, living not far from the 74th meridian, packed his wife and children in a covered wagon, yoked his faithful oxen to the front, bidding good-by to New England, or New York, and in spite of all opposing elements, came through the Cattaraugus woods and planted himself here, root and branch, to live or die, survive or perish, in spite of whatever may prevail to discourage so bold an enterprise.

He who brought his perpendicular, honesty and unflinching determination to win, together with his bible, his religion, his rifle, his axe, his plow, his politics and a good sized chunk of Poley White's sticking salve, was the man for this country. You who were born here, or came here in your mothers arms, or ran away from home out of shire cussedness, or dropped in by chance and could get no further, are all worthy of an honorable place among "Old Settlers," nevertheless it would be a mark of respect you owe to that stalwart sort of which I speak, if you would but raise your hat when one of them passes you on the street. He is entitled to the double merit of Pioneer as well as "Old Settler."

It was easy enough for a young man, forty-five years ago, with only a little grain of enterprise, to start out for the west, riding by stage coach or canal boat, steam boat, or even foot it away from New England clear to Ohio. He had no cares on his mind to trouble him, except to eat and sleep and move on when the day was pleasant enough, even after he gets here some trifling matter may cross his path, or he hears that times are booming some other where, and off he goes like any rolling stone. Don't you see that such a fickle settler has nothing substantial to tie to like the man of family of the ox team and the covered wagon, and the children growing up. Not a few of that former sort of boys have found their way back to Watertown or Taunton, or Groton, in order to get under the old familiar roof tree once more; failing to bring out any faculty of perserverance or pluck he feels assured that his mother will receive him with open arms, whatever the old man may say or think about it. The poor fellow can easier withstand the taunts of the boys in his neighborhood rather than suffer that intolerable nostalgia that made him feel so bad under his jacket.

After passing through all you have and rejoicing in your preserverance, while you may be reveling in the luxury of all the modern appliances of the aesthetics, you should bear no ill will towards your unfortunate neighbors who neither had the pluck nor the disposition to pull out and stay out,

abandoning the hills and the valleys of their youth for an uncertain tenure in this unbroken wilderness, when we were told that every newly turned ferrow brought a streak of chill along the spine and an ague in every bone that would bring our red hair with jaundice to the grave. New England people have been known to fumigate and disinfect the letters received from here, before reading them, in order to be secure against contagion and infection. We had a reputation among the people in the east for a considerable ague, and perhaps were worthy of it.

A little beyond Bedford on the old Pittsburg road is a heavy strip of swale and in muddy seasons was well nigh impassable for wagons; the mail and stage coaches would manage to work their way by making detours through the woods and fields. In the spring of 1837, Philetus Francis, a man who is yet among us, wrestling with men and horses; while driving an open mud wagon in place of the covered coach through this swale, had a full load of passengers, including a man from Boston. The Boston man was disgusted with Ohio and expressed himself to that effect in unmistakable terms; he had never seen a log cabin until that day in all his life. When they came to the bad bit of road, "Fleet" politely told his passengers of the state of things asking them to walk across the dangerous path as a matter of safety for themselves and the horse. The Boston traveler declared he

would "do no such thing," proclaiming that he had paid his fare and the stage company was under an obligation to carry him to Pittsburgh; he would not budge, although all the others, including two ladies, took the chances on foot. Coming to an unfortunate pitch-hole in the road, the wagon gave a heavy lurch and the Boston man was thrown completely out and landed on his ruffled shirt front in the soft mud, becoming one of the "first settlers" of Bedford; he went back to Boston and his mother with clearer ideas of the west, but dirtier linen, than if he had not unexpectedly settled in Bedford. They sometimes print books in Boston and it may be this man has published his experiences in Ohio, if so, it would be well that this society place his volume on file among its archives for future reference as part of our history.

Some of you, no doubt, came here under the most favorable auspices—had a friend to live on, had good luck, health and happiness all through, and no serious impediment to your ultimate success, for all this you have reason to kick up your heels, thank God and rejoice. There were those who were perplexed with all the hindrances a human being could well be surrounded with. In either case you can sit by the fireside and tell over your experiences to your grand-children, but 't is well that you be careful not to magnify the incidents too much.

Perhaps the man is alive who declares with a wonderful

positiveness that when his father settled here he could have bought all that tract of land north of Superior street, and west of Bank street, extending to the lake and river for two plugs of tobacco, a pint of whisky and a Jew's harp. Such wonderful tales, when told in solemn earnest, only tend to dampen a man's ambition and make him provoked with himself to think that he was not born sooner, and been possessed of those valuable articles of commerce. Yet if he had the offer made him at the time with the goods on hand, he may have taken a look all round and imprudently wait until land went up or whisky went down.

As your cities grew up it was wonderful how quick you put on metropolitan airs. From an overgrown village Cleveland sprung out of her bounds in a single day to a first class city, from a line of municipal officers ranging in salaries in the aggregate to about three thousand dollars, she leaped into a liability of some thirty thousand at one bound, and it is yearly on the increase.

It has somewhere been said that God made the country and man the city. We are also told that cities are an unnatural fungus growth or wart on the body politic. Whether these propositions are correct or not, I have no present intention to controvert them, yet we are all willing to concede that the city has vastly more art and cunning, more elegance and style, more applied art to beautify the human form and habi-

tation, more applied sciences in the art of life than the country, but for honest purpose and sound common sense, for robust health and the true art of living to a Godly purpose in earning bread by the natural perspiration of the brow, and doing something as well for those who are figuring on the blackboard of imagination in cities to win a livelihood by the insensible perspirations of the purse, commend me to God's fields in the broad and open country.

You inhabitants of the city, pent up in limited bounds, who can tell what sauce your neighbors have for supper, are liable to boast of a numerous population and glory in the fact that you have outnumbered some other town which was once much greater than your own in the census roll. A city is great only when her people are virtuous, intelligent, healthy and happy, and have made marked progress in the substantial and elegant arts, made her schools of the best grade and her manufactories of a standard equal to any, and her jails and poor houses mere temporary expedients, and of little use.

Men will hazard a vast deal for wordly gain, they will locate at times, where the chances of life are greatly against them, and sometimes put their money where the chance to win is as one to many thousand; they will gather in cities or gulches, where one man in ten thousand has become a Cræsus and the rest paupers, simply from the impulse thereof, per-

haps they too may become the next lucky individual in point of dollars and cents.

Where two or three, or more houses, are gathered in close proximity in the name of civilization, the people around and about them begin to dream of city airs, whistling around the gables, and as soon as a few more buildings are added and a blacksmith shop, a grocery and shoe shop, perhaps a whisky shop, hang out their signs, an alley or lane becomes a "street" and a street is named an "avenue," and an avenue a "boulevard," and a boulevard becomes "a park," and so on; every thing else moves along in the same ratio. We are now living in an age of progress—there was not quite so much of that sort of thing in our earlier days, and the word "aesthetic" was not invented until Webster came along with his unabridged.

The method in olden time, of building up cities and populating the country, was somewhat different from that of our time. A mandate from a king or an emperor was enough to set the people adrift and at once gather around a given point, building up a permanent city as earnestly and faithfully as if it had been their choice. This American people have their own way in such matters and were likely to gather around a mill site, where there happened to be a water power for a grist mill or a saw mill, or a distillery, or an oil well, or some sort of a mine, and we can hunt up but few other reasons that make much of a village in the interior, while on the

water courses a good harbor for vessels is enough to form quite a gathering of people in view of the commerce most likely to follow in the wake of labor to be performed. Forcing trade out of its natural channel is an up-hill business, and if it should run for a time in unnatural grooves, it will be most certain to find its easiest course and follow it until a better one is opened. Mill dams and water power do not enter so much into the inducements to make a village as formerly. New and cheap power has been found in steam that can be carried to any convenient point, so that if water power was once the attraction, we can now set up a village in any desirable spot; about all that is needed is a climate, soil and a people willing to dig with a prospect of something to come of it.

When you came to Cleveland you had the self-imposed assurance, that it was to be a successful grain market, and so it was for a time; the wheat and corn and oats that came here by canal and transhipped both east and west, appeared to be simply unequalled in quantity; when that trade left us, some of our best men fled to other fields, and we thought that the rise and fall of Cleveland could then be written for all time. New animation came, and the iron, the copper, the coal, the petroleum, the lumber, the stone, the mechanic arts and railroads have brought her to a proud eminence among the cities of the great west, and yet her history is unwritten.

For my own part, seeing so many who were here long before me, although my lot has been cast nearly a half century in this county, I do not claim to be a very early settler. If we form a line and place the older ones in the advance, my place would be well nigh the rear, unless there be some among you who are afraid to be called old. I can only look upon those venerable men and pioneers with a degree of reverence and respect, about every one of whom I have had more or less acquaintance during my time among you and the greater source for rejoicing when we get together is that there are so many who have survived so many perils and come looking so well. Some in other states and some in other nations, wherever they may be it cannot change the fact that we have stuck tight to Cuyahoga County and are here yet.

In the year 1836 there was what would be called in the present day "a boom" in the West, it was emphatically a speculative boom, people went wild to some extent; lines of emigrant wagons were seen along the roads ranging east and west, anywhere from the southern borders of Pennsylvania to the northern point of Maine long before the northeastern boundary question was settled. The line of march extended as far as Ohio and "the Michigan," now and then you would hear of a family that had ventured as far west as the 90th meridian. There were some chums of mine and some other boys who slid out from our neighborhood on foot between two days. Not so

much perhaps to seek a fortune, however, and following the Star of Empire, but obeying the spirit of liberty that broke out about that time, the boys thought that an indented apprentice was one of the twin relics of barbarism and did not care to hold allegiance against their will to a boss until they were twenty-one and get nothing but their board and clothes. Some of those boys I am sorry and glad to say fled their country for its good, went west and forsook some of their sins, grew up with the country, became respected, made good citizens or went further west and joined the Mormons.

It may have been that I saved my credit, and what little desirable reputation I had, in consequence of my boss pulling up stakes in the east and emigrating, bag and baggage, to Ohio, when I followed suit, coming up the lake on the steamer "North America," which steamer had more pulmonaries, more cronies and more asthmatic beings than any craft afloat, it took twenty-six hours to make the voyage from Buffalo to Cleveland, and I have rejoiced about every day since that she came safe through. A very fine spoken gentleman met me as I landed on the dock with a beautiful town plat in his hand, which had many corner lots and water lots, with a church, a court house, a school house, and factories adorning the borders, nicely pictured out. He wanted to make me rich by selling me one—that is one of the maps—he said there was money in selling the lots for any one could buy a lot and pay a quarter

down, he wanted a quarter for the chart and I only had left half enough to buy one, or I might have gone in and made a fortune by this time. The great idea in those days was to found a city, the spirit of Romulus was abroad in the land. It was a big thing to have a franchise in an imaginary city with corner lots and water lots a plenty. Many people in a speculative way followed the course of streams in their chase for fortune, and looked for a sight for a dam or a good chance for a saw mill or a grist mill; the idea was to pitch in and make a fortune as quick as possible and let other people do the work; speculating on paper was one of the open gateways to wealth in that day.

The boom struck Cleveland between wind and water, she had it tolerably bad, but weathered it through rather better than most towns that were struck. In Cuyahoga County beside our own city that was sure to win in the end we had the city of Gilnett at the mouth of Rocky River, and St. Johnsville at Chagrin, while plats and surveys were made for the mouth of Euclid Creek and Doan's Brook. As for the interior of the county cities in embryo were a plenty, and Tinker's Creek was said to have the finest water power anywhere between Niagara and St. Antony.

Railroads that had just been tested for utility in the east were being projected for us in the booming west. William B. Lloyd and John R. St. John, two of our most enthusiastic

citizens were the firmest advocates of this new means of transit, but they had more mind than money.

We had Pittsburgh connected with us by links and chains by grades and curves on paper, but we had to use the old mud roads long before the cars and rails were ready for use. Those enterprising gentlemen were only a score or more of years in advance of our necessities.

Speaking of railroads we had an unmistakable one in our midst which is worthy of more than a passing mention. The Cleveland and Newburgh Railway was an accomplished fact, had its day, carried its loads of human freight and blue stone combined, yielded up its dividends and the ghost simultaneously, and where is it? Ahaz Merchant was one of the public spirited men of those days that not only projected improvements, but his enterprise brought many to a practical test; it was his head and hands that brought this Newburg road to completion, and if it was not financially a success it became no excuse to call Mr. Merchant a visionary man. He was bound to test the practicability of bringing the blue stone of the Shaker quarries to a profitable purpose. The western terminus of that road was in the southwest corner of the Public Square and its eastern was in the midst of the blue stone of the Shaker brook at Doan's Corners, near where the famous spring of blue rock water has burst through its seams. The line of route was directly through Euclid street (now an

"avenue,") and a single passenger coach carried all the human freight that sought transit; one horse was quite enough for any car load and we prided ourselves that we had a street railroad in real good earnest, and two trips a day was quite enough for all the travel, but the rails were of the stately forest oak and there was no fear of snake heads or of Ashtabula holocausts nor yet of such mysterious and terrible water casts as that of the river Tay in Scotland.

You all know that the Cuyahoga is a crooked stream and that its present outlet is through a channel cut out by the hand of man; its waters once meandered westerly through the delta till it sluggishly reached the Lake about a mile west of where it ought to be, if nature is mistrusted to have made any mistake about the matter. That old river bed was rich in allusions, in flags and rushes, in muskrats and snipe, in bullfrogs and water snakes, in wild ducks and sunfish, and it was one of the safest winter quarters for Lake craft anywhere to be found on the shore. The experienced eye of men of means saw what could be done with that "old river bed," and a company set to work and dredged the channel and opened the mouth with a determined intent to make a roadstead that would eclipse the new channel in every essential manner. The work was completed to a degree, and the first steamer was to pass through the channel to the open sea on a given Fourth of July loaded with the beauty and chivalry of those who

lent their favor towards the new enterprise. It was indeed a gay scene when that load of gay citizens steamed down the channel with flags above and flags below and shouts of triumph all around. The steamer moved like a thing of a good deal of life for a while, but whether in consequence of too much delta or too much boat or too many happy people on board, she got stuck in the mud and never got out to sea with its gay load after all. Whatever you may say about that old river bed it is rapidly coming into use in spite of its early history, we may yet see immense fleets riding through it in safety and no sectional jealousies to question the practicability of the enterprise in view of the coming breakwater.

You well remember what an effort was made to get a railway from Cleveland to Columbus. Sandusky had already formed a connection by rail with Cincinnati. It touched the pride and poverty of our Cleveland people to such a degree that they got just a little bit on their ear. Everyone wanted everyone else to go down into their pockets and bring up enough to secure the progress of the road. How they did beg and plead, pull and haul, tear, and perhaps swear, for a railroad, but those things won't come without a pretty loud call upon the purse.

In order to save the charter, which had lain dormant for a time, it was thought best to make a show of work on the line already surveyed. One bright autumn forenoon about a

dozen men got themselves together near the ground now occupied by the A & G. W. Railway depot with the noble purpose of inaugurating the work of building the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad. Among the number was Alfred Kelley, the President, T. P. Handy, the Treasurer, J. H. Sargent, the Engineer, James A. Briggs, the Attorney, and H. B. Payne, Oliver Perry, John A Foote and others besides your humble servant. On that memorable spot one could look upon those vast fields of bottom land and nothing could be seen but unbroken wide meadows, the brick residence of Joel Seranton on the north, and the ruins of an old mill in the ravine of Walworth Run on the south, were the only show of buildings in all that region round about. These gentlemen had assembled to inaugurate the work on the railway, yet there was a sadness about them that could be felt, there was something that told them that it would be difficult to make much of a railroad without money and labor. Yet they came on purpose to make a show of a beginning. Alfred took a shovel and with his foot pressed it well into the soft and willing earth, placing a good chunk in the tranquil wheelbarrow close at hand, repeating the operation until a load was attained and dumping it a rod or so to the south. We all shouted a good sized shout that the road was really inaugurated. Then Mr. Handy did a little of the same work as well as Sargent and Briggs, while I sat on the nearest log rejoicing

to see the work going on so lively and in such able hands. The fact was demonstrated that the earth was willing if man would only keep the shovel, the pick and the wheelbarrow moving lively according to this beginning.

All that fall and winter one man was kept at work on the great enterprise, simply to hold the charter with a hope that something would turn up to enable the directors to push things with a greater show for ultimate success. During the winter that followed any one passing up Pittsburgh street near the bluff could see day by day the progress this one man power was making in his work. Foot by foot each day the brown earth could be seen gaining on the white snow on the line towards Columbus, and hope remained lively in the breast of everyone that saw the progress, that if the physical powers of that solitary laborer held out long enough, he would some day be able to go to state's prison by rail.

There was a serious hindrance in the progress of the work, which came in this wise. The laborer who had so great a job on his hands took a look and a thought at what he had to do—it was one hundred and forty miles to Columbus and it was best to hurry up or the road would not be ready for use for quite a spell to come, he set to work with renewed energy for a while, then threw himself quite out of breath on the ground for a brief rest when the rheumatism took hold of him and sciatica troubled his limbs so much that the great work was

brought to a stand still; he struck for his altars and his fires at home, while the next fall of snow obliterated the line of his progress towards the south, and the directors got together to devise ways and means to keep the work moving onward. It was said that the best thing they could do under this stress of circumstances was to devise a method for drying and warming the ground so that a like calamity would not occur to their workman, wishing to encourage every freak he had to work a little faster, provided he would do so at the same wages.

Soon after this calamity befel the laborer and the road, a meeting was called at Empire Hall and it was a jam. Alfred Kelley discoursed on the subject of the railway and telling us that if we did not take hold of this opportunity to make an iron way to the center of the state Cleveland would only be known in the Gazeteers as a small town on Lake Erie about six miles from Newburgh where steamers sometimes stop to wood and water. By a sudden stroke of generalship the exit doors of the hall were locked and the audience were held until all were converted to the faith and pooled in enough to secure the road and add a few more men to the work, when, after a reasonable time, the solons of our legislature came up here on the 22d of February and celebrated the completion of the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati Railroad, and the birthday of Washington all at once.

Previous to the memorable period of Cleveland's first advance step towards popular favor we have endeavored to carry our memory back, to note what manufacturing interests she was engaged in, and the only establishment that could truly be called a "factory" was a one story building where fine teeth combs were made by machinery, the old comb factory opposite the head of Bank street. Messrs. Bartram and Dean and Lowman made wagons and carriages, and it is, further true that Lowman continues to make them to this day and to all appearances he will continue to do so till the crack of doom, and it is further true that Duty made coffins then to ship away and he is at it now. D. A. Shepherd made furniture and he is busy to-day in a better appointed factory. O. A. Brooks sold crockery then and he is at the same business to-day. Dr. McKenzie sold pills and squills and febrifuge then and he is at it yet. C. C. Carlton was an active business man in our city forty-five years ago and he is now about as active and attentive to his calling as ever. W. T. Smith, the genial and always courteous and happy dealer in boots and shoes has been dispensing those pedal integuments to the third and fourth generation of them that loved him and he has kept at it every day since, Sundays excepted. George Williams was then and is now in active life in the same line that found him engaged nearly fifty years ago. George Whitelaw forty-eight years ago thought there was nothing like leather to be

engaged in and he thinks so yet. John A. Vincent sold chairs, cradles and such like to the great grand parents of those he is dealing with to-day in the same line. T. P. Handy is as regular in his banking office to-day as forty-eight years ago. S. S. Lyon made tackling for horses and mules nearly a half century ago and he would not refuse to keep right on as he is doing now for another like term of years.

When the old comb factory had lived out its day and about everybody was in doubt whether Cleveland would boom to any considerable extent in the future, many of our nervous and eager citizens sought other fields for their genius and a sort of stillness set in and about our waters, and at one time it was proposed to fence the pond in for fear some one would fall in and get drowned. Something whispered in the ears of the inhabitants that they had better stay and weather it out, all that they heard of other places was but wild rumor and many who had bitten at the shining bait came wrigling back to our own waters for more substantial food. Something also told us to stick to it, get up another comb factory or some sort of a manufacturing shop and Cleveland would some day come to be quite a town. About this time a new set of inhabitants came among us, there appeared to be a spontaneous putting of shoulders to the wagon wheel, things moved more lively, and when our railway was opened up and people could

get here in winter as well as summer it was the opening period of Cleveland's prosperity.

The new comers joined hands with the old settlers, our railroads were built, manufactories were planted in the valleys and on the hills. And when the fleecy vapors came up from the thousand steaming boilers and the black smoke from vastly more seething furnaces it swept every vestige of ague from the atmosphere and the chill from every bone of an animate body, it gave new life to the people and it became a well settled fact that the boom of 1836 was a well shaped boomerang in 1856, and so on to the present day. The enterprise of those who have been coming here since the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" have done wonders towards building up a city of no mean proportions. Yet you old settlers have not been materially eclipsed by those new comers except in their overpowering numbers, whom all were glad to receive with open arms.

The power of steam was just being applied to machinery in our midst. There was a steam flouring mill on River street entirely destroyed by fire in 1837. Younglove and Hoyt subsequently erected a paper mill on the canal near Pittsburgh street. About the year 1846 M. C. Younglove set up the first power press (Adams') in Cleveland which press was placed in the Merchants Exchange Building, directly over where Luetkemeyer's hardware store now is. It did all the work for the

Herald as well as the Plain Dealer and other rival daily papers at the time, and as they tried to work their editions off at the same hour they never appeared to be any great amount of ill feeling among the proprietors whether they got their forms on the press for the matter of a halt of three quarters of an hour was all either would be compelled to wait on the other; the press did not throw off the sheets at lightning speed, perhaps two or three hundred, all told, would comprise the largest editions. One or two stout men were employed at first to manipulate the press but steam soon took their place. The Cuyahoga Steam Furnace Company which was not in the present corporate limits of Cleveland in 1840 was the first substantial enterprise in that line in our county, and up to that time there was not probably a half dozen establishments that had machinery propelled by steam within the corporation.

There was a manifest struggle among the cities of the Lakes in our day for commercial precedence, and when the doctrine of internal improvements was an article of faith that we held to out of local interest or universal principle, we could not help but look with a degree of jealousy if Congress gave Ashtabula, Erie, Conneaut, Fairport, Vermillion, Black River or Huron any kind of a show in her appropriation bill and omitted Cleveland, but when Rocky River or Chagrin or even Euclid Creek was spoken of as asking for a pier we were all likely to go into spasms and give up all hope for the future

success of the Cuyahoga as a port of entry. Congress scattered her favors so munificently and carelessly that it became hard to tell where the work would do the most good.

Your progress toward improvement was a proverb. When you old settlers of forty-five years standing located in Cleveland you could boast of the most miserable thoroughfares in the spring and autumn time that the wide west ever beheld. The ladies were necessarily restricted in appearing on the avenues arrayed in the latest style of dress for obvious reasons, dress was forced to conform to circumstances.

Among the people of my native state there appeared to be an indistinct idea of the condition of things in this far west portion of the unsettled territory, and when it got abroad that I was about to emigrate to these wilds I was regarded as wild myself. What! are you going to that unbroken wilderness where there are no schools nor churches and hardly any houses but log huts, and the ague so thick you can cut it?

My first visit to the home of my youth was bruited about the town among the boys, and they came to see me and hear me tell the wonderful tales of the perils among the wild animals that everyone is said to encounter "out west." One notable citizen had been to see me ever so many times but failed to find me for a while, after patience and perseverance had crowned his efforts with success he appeared to be happy. He said a friend of his had gone out "to the Ohio" some years

ago and he had heard nothing from him since he left and he was anxious to learn something of his whereabouts.

I asked him what part of the state he located in, but that he did not know, and upon careful inquiry, with a full determination to give the gentleman all the information he sought if in my power, I learned that his friend had settled somewhere in "the Ohio state," the county, town or village he did not know and moreover his name was SMITH, the given name he could not remember. If any of you know a man by that name in Ohio please report.

If one of the Cherubims or Seraphims had fallen in Superior street about thirty-five years ago, it would not have created much more wonder than the first liveried coachman, who drove down the avenue in regulation costume. It took us by surprise, we were not fully prepared for so much all at once, and few of our people had a knowledge of what they were gazing upon, only through the medium of books, of fiction, or memories of European times. We had all the elements of style—in fact there was a good deal of it put up in the human breast, and all it wanted was a little burst of æsthetic independence to bring it out. We had plenty of people who longed to do this thing, but it was dangerous to set sail in so open a sea without a guide.

We never knew the comforts and elegances of life until we had them. When we waded through the mud of an evening

with our pants rolled up, and a young lady on our arm headed towards a party or a prayer meeting, we knew nothing of the convenience of gas light and paved streets, or street cars, and were just as happy in our ignorance as to-day, provided the young lady was good looking by day light or candle light. Transportation was no difficult if the company was attractive while we never contemplated whether the old man was possessed of numerous shekels or none.

When James S. Clark imported a grand and elegant carriage to our young city, and had it propelled about our streets by a span of lively mules, it became an epoch in our history worth recording for we were not familiar with such turnouts. It was a master stroke of Republican independence to send out the ladies of his household in an elegant landaulet, drawn by a pair of mules, driven by a man as black as Erebus. We had to stop and look as the establishment passed us in the muddy streets. To say that we had no cultivated style in those early days, would not be true. About all of us had studied up what was elegant and how bad we wanted such just as much as any other young and thriving city. There were men who sent their measures for coats to New York, while they would consent to let Shelley make their pants and vests, and so it was in other things, a growing disposition to outdo some one else; that was the era when æsthetics began to boom. One man squandered ten shilling,

six pence, two pence half penny, to get his coat of arms from England and had a crest painted on the pannel of his wagon. We all hankered to appear well in society, at church or on the streets.

Men who had heretofore done their own chores about their home, as soon as trade would warrant, hired a man and many a hired man as he lay down on his pillow at night repeated to himself the hard days work he had to perform all for twelve dollars a month and board. There is so much to do that a fellow has no time to say his own prayers in comfort. In the morning there are three fires to make, cow to milk and in summer to take to pasture, two horses to take care of, the walks to sweep, the wood to saw, the coal to carry in, errands to do, the garden to weed, to be blowed up ten times a day by the old woman, black the old man's boots and clean the children's shoes, and of a Sunday there is more hard work to do than any day in the week. Have to take the family to church and hang round outside for the last amen of the minister, when we poor hostlers chant in chorus the "Gloria in Excelsis," bring the team around to the curbstone and when we get home as hungry as a hyena after a three days fast are compelled to wait to see if there is anything left from the dining room that is suffered to come to the kitchen for Bridget and me to make a dinner from. Then hitch up again to take the children to Sunday School, and in the evening, storm or

not, the team must come out for the final service, and I stand about or drive the team around to keep them in warm blood until the final benediction, when I get to the barn once more and work till ten o'clock to make the horses dry and fix their feed and bedding for the night.

Somewhere along in the forties I well remember my own "aesthetic" outburst in the way of an establishment. It is said of Thackeray when he essayed to keep a carriage and horses that he was not able to do so with the income the sale of his books afforded, the same may have been said of me in respect to my one horse harness shop, but I got an old steady animal and a second hand rockaway and paid for them in my line, picked up someone's old harness that had been left at my shop for repairs and so I got out as fine a rig as was suited to my grade and means as is usually seen on the streets, an animal entirely safe for my wife or anyone else to drive; then up and down these streets she wandered with those babies of ours, the envy of lots of old settlers who had no horse or wagon or babies to boast of. I call to mind one of the incidents connected with one of their airings. It was a habit of my wife to drive in the outskirts and note the new streets that were in those days being opened up, reporting progress to me at night; one day after she was well out on her rounds a friend came in my shop and said that he saw my wife in a rockaway full of babies driving a black horse with a counter-

brush tail going through where they are opening Oregon street. "Well, said I, that's all right, let her go, there is no law against it yet."

Now I have never taken time to think whether that friend meant to throw any slur at either horse, rockaway, harness wife or babies, for any lack of æsthetics on our part.

I took a look at this friend's rig the other day, it was all tip top, he has a fine pair of roadsters with copious tails, yet he seldom indulges in a ride himself, the ladies of his family adorn the establishment better than if he were present. Yet it pains me to say that his coachman has the cockade in his hat on the wrong side, and that narrow banded affair of a hat too looks like the same old plug Paddock sold the head of the household in 1840, ironed over and made to fit the coachman by taking out a lot of cotton batting from under the lining. Such is the progress of the "æsthetics" out in that part of the avenue of the world, and I don't blame my friend for his independence even if he fails to carry out the nicer points in the progress of æsthetics. He knows well enough that that word was not brought here by any of the old settlers, and we all like to be independent and do as we please in spite of what Mrs. Grundy dare say.

The wild and unbroken forests and plains that spread themselves to the north and west of us a half century ago have become the animated centers of the republic while the

unpeopled shores of the Pacific are now alive with the best blood of the Anglo Saxon race, and the almond eyed Mongolians are coming in faster than many white people really desire.

When we came here the entire domain north and west of Ohio could barely boast of a million people; to-day one-third of our entire population has found permanent homes away off there where we had not the heart to face the untutored savages or contend against the wild beasts so vividly described in our geographies. The greater part of that teeming west was an unpeopled wilderness and an unexplored waste on our maps.

Since you older settlers made your homes in this county many important events have been added to the history of our country, and it is a wonderful page to contemplate when the more notable ones are placed upon it. Some of you took part in or were contemporaneous with the last war with Great Britain. We have had a contest with Mexico and agreed to quit by taking a slice of her valuable domain. We have had wars innumerable with the aborigines and been continually compelling them to go west and give our people room to swing a cat and breathe. We have settled two important boundary questions with Great Britain that threatened badly for a time. We have acquired territory of other nations quite enough to make a dozen empires. We have added state upon state until

the number is so great that it troubles our people to keep tally of the increase. We have put down the greatest rebellion since the days of the Peloponnesian war. We have wiped out slavery as with a sponge. We have struck oil in the hill sides and gold and silver and iron in the mountains. We have thrown a network of railways all over the land, and the meshes of wires above our heads are so interwoven that they form a sort of lace curtain against the rays of the sun. Steamships cross the Atlantic Ocean in a fraction over a week. The earth and sea are many times girded with stretched wires. So much has transpired which is worthy of mention since you settled here that the enumeration becomes tiresome and the items widen so infinitely that it appears useless to attempt an approximation towards a fair schedule of all that has come to pass since your early days in Cuyahoga County. At the rate things have been moving for the past fifty years, it bewilders the mind to attempt to comprehend what may take place in another fifty years. The city has been made over anew since we first set our feet emphatically down in Cleveland; our great avenue, Superior street, can scarcely show us a monument in the shape of a building that stood there when we came. The venerable town pump that graced the head of Bank street and supplied near half the town with water has been swept away; it is not the same town we saw any more than we are the same persons, for they tell us that we renew ourselves every seven

years. We have worn out two jails and are developing considerable friction on the third and fourth. The three lonely churches that were the only places for public worship have increased to hundreds, and yet we have a great share of wicked people among us.

The public schools as well as the public school houses of Cleveland have been a marked feature in our civilization. From the old and unambitious Academy on St. Clair street, which was the only school building in our earlier days, we have erected four or five HIGH SCHOOL BUILDINGS, the last of which is the wonder of modern times; it is claimed to be quite high enough for practical use, from base to pinnacle it will measure fully one hundred and forty feet, Columbus College standard, where three barley corns make one inch, and it has innumerable gables as well. "Is not that pretty high?" Every tax payer says "UMPH." It is not every youth that can boast of so much outside show in order to gain the inner adornments of the head, and you who had knowledge ingrafted at the old Academy or the schools which preceded it may be proud that "æsthetics" were invented so that your grand children could revel in the halls of our high schools; shall we wait to see what our high school house will be 40 years hence?

After that "old Academy" our public schools multiplied to a wonderful degree until every quarter of the city was adorned by one or more of those educators of the coming people.

During the winter of 1836-37 Mr. Upson, of Tallmadge, sent to the city for trial a wagon load of bituminous coal, a seam of which had cropped out of a hillside on his farm and he was anxious to see if it could be made of use as a fuel. A gentleman then living where the Weddell House now stands—it may have been Mr. T. M. Weddell himself—ventured to make a trial of the coal; his neighbors got an idea of what was going on and they looked in apparent dread at the house when the black smoke curled out of the chimney, and when the sulphurous fumes came down to the ground they held their nostrils* and made up their minds at once that such stuff would breed a pestilence and they would have none of it in theirs. This people had not been educated up to a coal standard in those days; it is quite different now.

There is a sturdy member of your association who has been here over three score years, but is not the man he was in opinion forty years ago. When coal began to be used as fuel that man declared he never would consent to abandon the use of wood and resort to filthy coal as long as he was able to purchase a supply of wood. To-day that "old settler" is able to purchase the native forests on either side of him, but every grate, range, stove and furnace in his stately mansion is supplied with coal.

We could not consent that the advances made in our time should be obliterated and we too be placed back to the condi-

tion of forty-five years ago, when we had no street lights, no water works, no sewers, no paved streets, no police, no steam fire department, no public library, no fountains, no city hall, no telegraph nor telephones, no railroads, no steam tugs, no anthracite coal, no propellers, no bridge across the river, no breakwater, no manufactories, no refineries, no viaduct, and no taxes to speak of.

Many people have wished to renew their lives by wandering among the scenes of their early youth; we are certain to get quite enough in a few days. How would you like to see our main avenue again afloat with its proverbial unfathomable mud of olden times? How would you like to see those scanty wood wagons that used to adorn the lower end of the avenue again in place, then those stately "Wooster schooners" that plied on the pike between Wayne and Cuyahoga counties bringing flour and whisky and returning with ballast of nails, cod fish and cotton cloth, and finally as you passed down of a morning and see three stage coaches waiting for Captain Sartwell's orders at the old Franklin House to go and gather passengers with the inevitable chunky "Henry" perched high atop of one with four in hand. All this would do you as a passing dream, but you would say give us the advance and not the retrograde.

Our city stands upon a plane ranging from seventy-five to one hundred feet above the Lake; this gives us an eminence

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 population of the country has increased
 considerably since the first of the century.
 The second is the fact that the country
 has become more and more settled.
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 has become more and more civilized.
 The fourth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more fertile.
 The fifth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more healthy.
 The sixth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more beautiful.
 The seventh is the fact that the country
 has become more and more prosperous.
 The eighth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more powerful.
 The ninth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more respected.
 The tenth is the fact that the country
 has become more and more loved.

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above our neighboring cities of the Lakes that they would be glad to attain. You will remember that at one time in your early residence there was a steady, rapid encroachment of the Lake upon the heart of the city by the sliding away of the bluff bank above the beach. The quick sands which underlie the city were fast carrying away the surface, and at the rate the land was leaving us it was easy to calculate when the little city we found as we settled here would be entirely swept away. I have seen the time when many acres had taken their departure in one night, but the railroads saved our city in more ways than one, they put a stop to the further incroachments of the Lake.

The elegant in architecture had not developed itself to any extent up to 1840. Men who built had so little regard for comeliness that it appears as if they told the builders the height, length and breadth they wanted their house or block or shop and the number of windows and doors needed, then allowed them to be placed at random as was most convenient to the mechanics. Men of taste who have visited us have made a note of these things to our disadvantage. We took courage and thanked God that after a time a better order of things was instituted, and after the second and third series of buildings went up we had something more comely to look upon, and to-day old settler or not, a citizen need not be ashamed to wander about these streets with the best men of the proudest

city in our land and point to hundreds of blocks and churches, hospitals, asylums, schools, manufactories and dwellings that will rank with any in the wide world.

There may be a wide diversity in the hopes and realizations of all you "old settlers." Some may have accomplished all they aimed for, and some may have come far short even if their aim had been ever so unpretending. Whatever that fate chances to be, it is rather too late to try and mend it now. We had better philosophically accept the situation and continue striving to the end.

You who have hung on so long through thick and thin never flinched in the hour of panic or epidemic, never grunted too much over the cold Lake winds, nor stuck up your nose when the black smokes and crude oil smells hung round your nostrils. You who have brought up a family in knowledge and virtue and have maintained among your fellows as upright a character as the times would warrant, can rest assured that you have done far more for the honor, glory and majesty of Cleveland than Cleveland could possibly do for you.

There are two important domestic pictures. I would have you carefully contemplate and view in every light you can see the best. One is Cleveland as you saw her forty years ago, and Cleveland as you can see her to-day.

There are artists enough among you to paint these scenes to the life, and the sooner you practice with your brush, your canvas and your pigments on those of the past, your friends will think the more of you, while you will be likely to renew your life in the operation.



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A SUMMARY

OF THE

Records of the Association.

ORIGIN OF THE ASSOCIATION.



THE first step which led to the organization of the "EARLY SETTLERS ASSOCIATION OF CUYAHOGA COUNTY," was taken by H. M. Addison, who was "father of the thought," and who published in the fall of 1879 several articles in the Cleveland newspapers relative to the project. These articles having created a favorable impression, so encouraged him that he circulated a written call for a public meeting of the pioneers and early settlers of Cleveland, for the purpose of consultation and effecting a permanent organization of such an association. The call was signed by a goodly number of Cleveland's prominent citizens, among whom were the following:

John Crowell,
Ahimaz Sherwin,
Wm. H. Stanley,
Erastus Smith,
John W. Allen,
J. P. Bishop,

S. L. Blake,
George Mygatt,
M. Barnett,
Elijah Smith,
Daniel R. Tilden,
William Fuller,

H. B. Payne,	John Welch,
L. Dow Cottrell,	Henry H. Dodge,
John A. Foot,	Elijah Bingham,
Homer Strong,	Moses White,
Milo Bosworth,	Geo. C. Dodge,
John Wicken,	J. A. Vincent,
Harvey Rice,	J. C. Saxton,
James A. Bolles,	J. J. Elwell,
W. S. Rulison,	Elias Cozad,
A. R. Chapinan,	W. H. Doan,
Jabez Hall,	W. H. Hayward,
J. E. Twitchell.	T. P. Handy,
R. R. Herrick,	John C. Covert,
N. B. Sherwin,	O. H. Mather,
S. Williamson,	Jas. D. Cleveland,
John C. Grannis,	S. J. Andrews,
H. P. Weddell,	W. Bingham,
James Barnett,	J. H. Wade,
E. B. Hale & Co.,	A. Everett,
P. R. Everett,	E. S. Root,
Edmund P. Morgan,	Wm. Perry Fogg,
R. R. Root,	Moses Warren,
R. C. Parsons,	T. J. Clapp,
O. F. Welch,	J. C. Brewer,
George O'Conner,	E. S. Flint,

Geo. B. Merwin,
W. S. Streator,
M. S. Castle.

Henry Wick,
Charles Whittlesey,
Daniel W. Duty.

In response to this call a large number of pioneers and early settlers convened at the Probate Court Room, on the evening of Nov. 19th, 1879, organized the meeting by appointing Hon. John W. Allen chairman, and H. M. Addison, secretary, and after a free discussion and interchange of views relative to the object of the meeting, adopted the following constitution:

ARTICLE I.

This association shall be known as the "Early Settlers Association of Cuyahoga County," and its members shall consist of such persons as have resided forty years in the same, and who shall subscribe to this constitution and pay a membership fee of one dollar, but shall not be subject to further liability.

ARTICLE II.

The officers of the association shall consist of a president, two vice presidents, secretary and treasurer, with the addition of an executive committee of not less than five persons, all of which officers shall be members of the association and hold their offices during its pleasure, and until their successors are duly appointed and they accept their appointments.

ARTICLE III.

The object of the association shall be to meet in convention annually, with the view of bringing its members into more intimate social relations and collecting all such interesting facts, incidents, relics and personal reminiscences relative to the early history and settlement of the city and county, as may be regarded of permanent value, and transferring the same to the "Western Reserve Historical Society" for preservation, and for the benefit of the present and future generations.

ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the president to preside at public meetings of the association, and in his absence the like duty shall devolve upon one of the vice presidents. The secretary shall record in a book for the purpose the proceedings of the association, the names of the members in alphabetical order with the ages and time of residence at the date of becoming members, and conduct the necessary correspondence of the association. He shall also be regarded as an additional member, ex-officio, of the executive committee, and may consult with them but have no vote. The treasurer shall receive and pay out all the moneys belonging to the association, but no moneys shall be paid out except on the joint order of the chairman of the executive committee and secretary of the association. No debt shall be incurred against the association by any officer or member beyond its ready means of payment.

ARTICLE V.

The executive committee shall have the general supervision and direction of the affairs of the association, designate the time and place of holding its meetings, and publish due notice thereof with a programme of exercises. The committee shall also have power to fill vacancies that may occur in their own body or in any other office of the association, until the association at a regular meeting shall fill the same, and may appoint such number of subordinate committees as they may deem expedient. It shall also be their duty to report to the association at its regular annual meeting the condition of its affairs, its success and prospects, with such other matter as they may deem important, the same to be published in pamphlet and distributed to members of the association, if approved and so ordered by the association.

ARTICLE VI.

The annual meeting of this association for the election of officers shall be held on the second Monday of January of each year.

ARTICLE VII.

The constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the association on a two-thirds vote of the members present, and it shall take effect from the date of its adoption.

And thereupon the meeting proceeded to the election of officers to serve until the annual meeting to be held on the second Monday of January, 1880, as provided in the constitution, to wit:

HON. HARVEY RICE, President.

HON. SHERLOCK J. ANDREWS, }
HON. JOHN W. ALLEN, } Vice Presidents.

GEORGE C. DODGE, Secretary and Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

R. T. LYON, THOMAS JONES, S. S. COE, W. J. WARNER, AND
DAVID L. WIGHTMAN.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned to the first regular meeting, January 12th, 1880, at the same place.

At a regular meeting of the association held January 12th, 1880, at the Probate Court Rooms pursuant to adjournment, nearly one hundred members being present, Hon. Harvey Rice, President, called the meeting to order, and after a few preliminary remarks from him and Vice President Andrews, the meeting proceeded to business.

On motion of George C. Dodge, Esq., Secretary, the Constitution was slightly amended in its phraseology so as to read as herein recorded.

On further motion the following officers were appointed to serve for the ensuing year, Judge Andrews declining a re-election, to wit:

HON. HARVEY RICE, President.

HON. JOHN W. ALLEN, }
HON. JESSE P. BISHOP, } Vice Presidents.

THOMAS JONES, JR., Secretary.

GEORGE C. DODGE, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

GEORGE F. MARSHALL, R. T. LYON, M. M. SPANGLER, DARIUS

ADAMS AND JOHN H. SARGENT.

Report of George C. Dodge, Treasurer.

Receipts from 155 membership fees	-	-	-	\$155	00
Expenditures to date for sundries	-	-	-	27	20
Balance on hand January 12th, 1880	-	-	-	\$127	80

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
DIVISION OF THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES
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On motion of S. E. Adams, Esq., the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED, That the Executive Committee be authorized to employ at their discretion H. M. Addison, or other suitable person to visit the several wards of the city and townships of the county for the purpose of diffusing information and collecting facts pertaining to the objects of the association and increasing the number of memberships.

On motion the meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the executive committee.

GEO. C. DODGE,
Secretary.

HARVEY RICE,
President.

The officers of the association and executive committee, on receiving the sad intelligence of the death of Hon. S. J. Andrews, one of the vice presidents of the association, convened at the office of Geo. C. Dodge, Esq., on the 13th of February, 1880. Present—Hon. Harvey Rice, president, Hon. John W. Allen, vice president; Geo. C. Dodge, treasurer; Thomas Jones, jr., secretary, and Geo. F. Marshall, Darius Adams and John H. Sargent of the executive committee, and adopted the following resolutions:

RESOLVED, that we offer our most heartfelt sympathy to the family and friends of our deceased brother Sherlock J. Andrews; that in his decease we have lost one of our most

worthy members; the legal profession one of its most brilliant lights; and the city of Cleveland one of its most trusted and trustworthy citizens.

RESOLVED, that the members of the association are requested to attend his funeral, and that these proceedings be communicated to his family.

THOMAS JONES, JR.,

Secretary.



Names of Members,

NATIVITY. AGE AND RESIDENCE.

LIST OF NAMES.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Where born.</i>	<i>When born.</i>	<i>Came to County.</i>
Andrews, Sherlock J.	Con.	1801	1825
Allen, John W.	Con.		1825
Adams, Samuel E.	N. Y.	1818	1837
Adams, Darius	Ohio,	1810	1810
Ackley, J. M.	Ohio,	1835	1835
Abbey, Seth A.	N. Y.	1798	1831
Addison, H. M.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Adams, Mrs. Mary A.	Ohio,	1811	1811
Andrews, Mrs. Julia A.	Ohio,	1816	1816
Bingham, Elijah	N. H.	1800	1835
Burnham, Mrs. M. W.	Mass.	1808	1838
Baldwin, Dudley	N. Y.	1809	1827
Bailey, Robert			1834
Burgess, Solon	Vt.	1817	1819
Burton, E. D.	Ohio,	1825	1825
Burgess, Leonard F.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Bull, L. S.	Con.	1813	1820
Beers, D. A.	N. Y.	1816	1818

Bliss, Stoughton	Ohio,	1823	1823
Benedict, L. D.	Vt.	1827	1830
Borges, J. F.	Germany,	1810	1835
Bury, Theodore	N. Y.		1839
Beverlin, John	Pa.	1813	1834
Brett, J. W.	England,	1816	1838
Bowler, N. P.	N. Y.	1820	1839
Buhrer, Mrs. Stephen	Germany,	1828	1840
Bishop, Jesse P.	Vt.	1815	1836
Bishop, Mrs. E. W.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Beardsley, I. L.	N. Y.	1819	1838
Burnham, Thomas	N. Y.	1808	1833
Bingham, William	Con.	1816	1836
Brooks, O. A.	Vt.	1814	1834
Barber, Mrs. J. T.	N. H.	1804	1818
Burwell, George P.	Con.	1817	1830
Burwell, Mrs. Louisa C.	Pa.	1820	1824
Branch, D. G.	Vt.	1805	1833
Babcock, Charles H.	Con.	1823	1834
Barber, Josiah	Ohio,	1825	1825
Brayton, H. F.	Wilna, Jeff. Co., N. Y.	1812	1836
Cahoon, Joel B.	N. Y.	1793	1810
Cox, John	England,	1802	1832
Coe, S. S.			1837
Corlett, William K.			1837

Cross, David W.	N. Y.		1836
Cowles, Edwin			1832
Cottrell, L. Dow	N. Y.	1811	1835
Corlett, John	Isle of Man.	1816	1836
Cook, Wellington P.	N. Y.	1825	1838
Cleveland, James D.	N. Y.	1822	1835
Clark, James F.	N. Y.	1809	1833
Clarke, Aaron	Con.	1811	1832
Carlton, C. C.	Con.	1812	1831
Cozad, Elias	N. Jersey,	1790	1808
Cutter, O. P.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Corlett, Thomas	Isle of Man,	1820	1827
Crittenden, Mrs. M. A.	N. Y.	1802	1827
Chapman, H. M.	Ohio,	1830	1830
Christian, James	Isle of Man,	1810	1838
Carson, Marshal	N. Y.	1810	1834
Craw, William V.	N. Y.	1810	1832
Crawford, Lucian	Ohio,	1828	1828
Detmer, G. H.	Germany,	1801	1835
Dodge, George C.	Ohio,	1813	1813
Dodge, Wilson S.	Ohio,	1839	1839
Doan, W. H.	Ohio,	1828	1828
Doan, Mrs. C. L.	Con.	1816	1834
Dibble, Lewis	N. Y.	1807	1812
Dodge, Henry H.	Ohio,	1810	1810

Duty, Daniel W.	N. H.	1804	1825
Doan, John	N. Y.	1798	1801
Dockstader, Chas. J.	Ohio,		1838
Doan, J. W.	Ohio,	1833	1833
Dunham, David B.	N. Y.		1831
Dentzer, Daniel	Germany,	1815	1832
Dodge, Mrs. George C.	Vt.	1817	1820
Edward-, Rudolphus	Ohio,	1818	1818
Erwin, John	N. Y.	1808	1835
Flint, E. S.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Fitch, J. W.	N. Y.	1823	1826
Foot, John A.	Con.	1803	1833
Fuller, William	Con.	1814	1836
Foot, Mrs. Mary S.	Pa.	1816	1832
Gill, Mrs. M. A.	Isle of Man,	1812	1827
Gaylord, Erastus F.	Con.	1795	1834
Gardner, George W.	Mass.	1834	1837
Gordon, William J.	N. Jersey,	1818	1835
Greenhalgh, Capt. R.	England,	1828	1840
Gorham, John H.	Con.	1807	1838
Gayton, Mrs. Mary A.	England,	1808	1832
Gaylord, Mrs. L. Cleveland,	N. Y.	1801	1834
Goodwin, William	Ohio,	1838	1838
Giddings, Mrs. C. M.	Mich.	—	—
Herrick, R. R.	N. Y.	1826	1826

Hessenmueller, E.			1836
Hills, N. C.			1831
Hills, N. C. Mrs.	N. Y.	1811	1831
Handy, Freeman P.	N. Y.	1807	1832
Hudson, W. F.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Heil, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832
Hubbell, H. S.	Ohio,	1832	1832
Hubby, L. M.	N. Y.	1812	1839
Hickox, Charles,	Con.	1810	1837
Howard, A. D.	Con.	1803	1834
Honeywell, Ezra	N. Y.	1802	1831
Harris, B. C.	Ohio	1832	1832
Hudson, D. D.	Pa.	1824	1831
Heisel N.	Germany,	1816	1834
Hayden, A. S.	Ohio,	1813	1835
Harris, J. A. Mrs.	Mass.	1810	1837
Harris B. E.	Ohio,	1838	1838
Hurlbut, H. B.	N. Y.	1818	1836
Hurlbut, H. B. Mrs.	N. Y.	1818	1836
Ingham, W. A.			1832
Johnson, L. D. Mrs.	Ohio,	1825	1834
Jones, Thomas, Jr.	England,	1821	1831
Jewett, A. A.			1821
Johnson, P. L.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Jaynes, Harris	Ohio,	1835	1835

Jackson, Charles	England,	1829	1835
Jones, W. S.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Johnson, W. C.	Con.	1813	1835
Keller, Henry	Germany,	1810	1832
Kellogg, A.			1820
Kelley, Horace	Ohio,	1819	1819
Kelley, John	Pa.	1809	1832
Lewis, Sanford J.	N. Y.	1823	1837
Lewis, Chittenden	N. Y.	1800	1837
Lathrope, C. L.	Con.	1804	1831
Lowman, Jacob			1832
Lyon, R. T.	Ills.	1819	1824
Lamb, D. W. Mrs.	Mass.		1837
Leonard, Jarvis	Vermont,	1810	1834
Lyon, S. S.	Con.	1817	1818
Layman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1831
Lewis, G. F.	N. Y.	1822	1837
Morgan, Y. L.	Con.	1797	1811
Morgan, E. P.			1840
Myer, Nicholas,	Germany,	1809	1834
Miller, M. Mrs.	Ohio,	1809	1020
Marshall, George F.	N. Y.	1817	1836
Morgan, J. A.	Con.	1809	1811
Miller, William L.	Ohio,	1829	1829
Merchant, Silas	Ohio,	1826	1826

Mather, Samuel H.	N. H.	1813	1835
Marble, Levi		1820	1830
Merwin, George B.	Con.	1809	1816
Nott, C. C.			1835
Newmark, S.	Germany,	1816	1839
Norton, C. H.	N. Y.	1805	1838
Neff, Melchor	Germany,	1826	1834
O'Connor, R.	Ohio,	1824	1824
Penty, Thomas	England,	1808	1829
Pannell, James	N. Y.	1812	1832
Palmer, J. D.	Con.	1831	1835
Payne, N. P.	Ohio,	1837	1837
Porter, L. G.	Mass.	1807	1826
Pease, Samuel	Mass.	1805	1828
Pease, Charles	Ohio,	1811	1835
Pelton, F. W.	Con.	1827	1835
Proudfoot, David	Scot.	1809	1832
Piper, A. J.	Vt.	1814	1839
Pier, Mrs. L. J.	Ohio,	1823	1823
Quayle, Thos.			1827
Quinn, Arthur	Ireland,	1810	1832
Rouse, Mrs. Rebecca E.	Mass.	1799	1830
Rice Harvey,	Mass.	1800	1824
Russell, George H.	N. Y.	1817	1834
Rogers, C. C.	Ireland,	1813	1839

Rupel, S. D.	Ohio.	1808	1808
Rice, Harvey Mrs.	Vt.	1812	1833
Robison, I. P.			
Rouse, B. F.	Mass.	1824	1830
Spangler, Elizabeth Mrs.	N. Y.	1790	1820
Sherwin, Ahimaas,	Vt.	1792	1818
Scovill, J. Bixby Mrs.	Ohio.	1800	1816
Silberg, F.	Germany,	1804	1834
Sherwin, S. M. Mrs.	N. Y.	1809	1827
Sabin, Wm.			1839
Shedd, W. V.			1833
Shepard, D. A.	Con.	1810	1833
Sargent, John. H.	N. Y.	1814	1818
Skinner, O. B.	O.	1831	1831
Southworth, W. P.	Con.	1819	1836
Slawson, J. L.	Mich.	1806	1812
Scovill, E. A.	O.	1819	1819
Shelly, John	England	1815	1835
Sacket, Alex.	Pa.	1814	1835
Sacket, Harriet Mrs.	O.	1815	1815
Sterling, E. Dr.	Con.	1825	1827
Schiely, Anna Mrs.	Germany		1832
Shelden, S. H.	N. Y.	1813	1835
Stanley, G. A.	Con.		1837
Spangler, M. M.	O.	1813	1820

Slade, Horatio	England		1834
Sortar, Harry	N. Y.	1820	1831
Smith, W. T.	N. Y.	1811	1836
Strickland, B.	Vt.	1810	1835
Strickland, H. W. Mrs.	O.		1834
Saxton, J. C.	Vt.	1812	1818
Smith, Betsey E. Mrs.		1811	1836
Strong, Charles H.	Ohio,	1831	1831
Sanford, Alfred S.	Con.	1805	1829
Smith, Erastus	Con.	1790	1832
Steward, J. S.	Ohio,	1818	1818
Severance, M. H. Mrs.	Ohio,		
Strong, Homer	Con.	1811	1836
Seldon, N. D.	Con.	1815	1831
Stillman, W. H.	Con.	1808	1833
Simmons, Thos.	Ohio.	1832	1832
Taylor, Harvey	Ohio,	1814	1814
Thompson, Thomas	England,	1814	1836
Turner, S. W.	Con.	1813	1832
Thompson, H. V.	N.Y.	1816	1839
Thompson, F. M. Mrs.	Vt.	1823	1837
Townsend, H. G.	N.Y.	1812	1834
Whitelaw, George	Scotland,	1808	1832
Walters, John R.	N.Y.	1811	1834
Weidenkopf, Fred	Germany,	1819	1837

Weidenkopf, Jacob	Germany,	1828	1837
Wightman, S. H.	Ohio,	1819	1819
Watkins, George	Con.	1812	1818
Weston, George B.	Mass.	1805	1826
Warren, Moses	Con.	1803	1815
Wager, J. D.	Ohio,	1820	1820
Williams, George	Con.	1799	1833
Welch, John	N.Y.	1800	1825
Welch, O. F.			1017
Wheller, B S	England,		1836
Wheller, Jane Mrs.	England,		1831
Warner, W. J.			1831
Wightman, D. L.			1817
Williamson, Samuel	Pa.	1808	1810
Whittlesey, H. S.	Ohio,	1836	1836
Winslow, E. N.	N. C.	1824	1830
Welsh, Jas. S.	Ohio,	1821	1821
Wilson, H. V. Mrs.	Mich.		
Wemple, Wyndret	N.Y.	1796	1818
Wellstead, Joseph	England,	1817	1837
Waterman, William	Ohio,	1818	1818

